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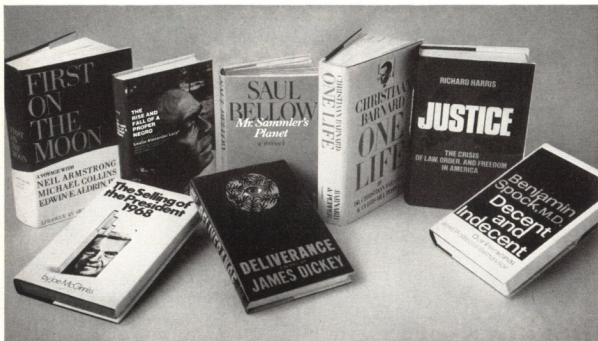
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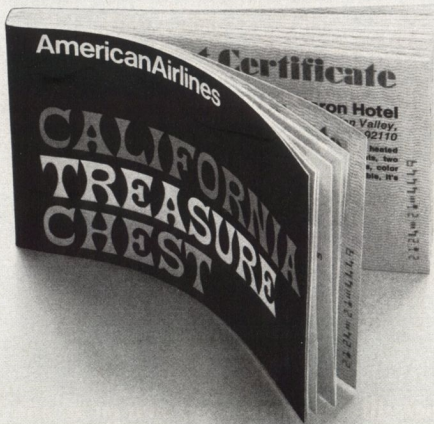


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They argue that it is a basic precept of American society and that it's just as right to pay homage in public schools to this concept as it is to pay tribute to the national flag. And they believe that the practice of prayer in public schools should be, like any other public issue, governed by the will of the majority of the people.

But others say religion is a private matter, a personal experience not subject to regulation. They call prayer in public schools a violation of individual freedom to worship or not to worship. That prayer in schools, whether by regulation or by tradition, constitutes religious indoctrination which violates the constitutional separation of Church and State.

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LETTERS

The President's Ear

Sir: Bravissimo to Presidential Assistant John Ehrlichman, who asks the Nixon Administration: "Do we have to do this at all?" and "Why can't the states do this?" [June 8]. For 25 years we have seen the Federal Government assume functions it was never created to perform. At last there's a man close to a President's ear who is posing the absolutely essential query in a Government that's supposed to be limited.

WOOLSEY TELLER

Indianapolis

Sir: During the 1968 campaign it was said by Republicans that R.M.N. had somehow, during his eight long years in political exile, marinated from an "old" Nixon into a "new" Nixon. In other words, he changed from a rather inimically cantankerous McCarthyite witch hunter into a resolutely innovative and pragmatic national leader. It was a metamorphosis that I unwittingly thought was entirely possible. Men like Henry George, Woodrow Wilson, John Dos Passos, Al Smith, Arthur Vandenberg and John McCormack had all managed to change their convictions; perhaps Nixon had, too. But, as your article on the President's palace guard makes clear, I was wrong.

JOHN L. LEWIS, '71

University of Houston
Houston

Sir: A fire quietly burning, the air conditioner operating to balance the temperature, a Mantovani playing in the background. This is the scene described on nationwide television as Commander Nixon peers out over the Washington Monument from his favorite room in the White House. Add to this Nixon's uniformed "palace guard," his isolation from criticism by Kissinger, Mitchell, Ehrlichman and Haldeman, and the result is what appears to be a man overly impressed by his own position and growing more detached from reality.

(SP/5) JAMES A. ELLIS

West Point

Hardhat Award

Sir: It seems unbelievable that a President who tells us that peaceful dissent is good can accept a "hardhat" award from the construction workers of New York in view of their recent bombardment of war protesters.

BOB STERLING

N. Miami Beach

Sir: The construction workers' display of "patriotism" on Wall Street made a travesty of everything the American flag truly represents. They brandished Old Glory in one hand and a lead pipe in the other, and in so doing perverted the very democracy for which they think they stand. As for the march on lower Broadway, there has not been such a burlesque of beligerent flag-waving since Hitler and his boys employed similar musclemen tactics. Is this the stuff of which patriots are made? I think not.

(PFC) EDWARD SNOWDON
U.S. Army, Viet Nam

APO San Francisco

Solid Myth

Sir: Let us not hear any more about "the solid South." The virtual re-election

of George Wallace to the governorship of Alabama provides sufficient evidence of this myth.

What decent-minded Southerner can be "solid" with such a blatant racist?

FREDRICK A. HAWKINS

Durham, N.C.

Mapmaker's Peace

Sir: It seems to me that the American invasion of Cambodia without consulting its government demonstrates that Cambodian sovereignty is at most problematic. Therefore the negotiators in Paris could redraw the map so that the area now designated South Viet Nam would be called Cambodia.

Such a plan would delight ARVN, because its martial abilities are invoked more fully on Cambodian soil. The Communists would no longer have to deploy their forces from the Central Office for South Viet Nam, which our recent raids have shown scarcely exists anyway. And America's desire for peace would quickly be satisfied, since President Nixon has promised the withdrawal of all our troops from Cambodia by June 30.

STEVE WHITFIELD

Newton Highlands, Mass.

Sir: Could you imagine Richard Nixon as President 26 years ago telling General Dwight David Eisenhower, "I don't want you going any more than 20 miles into France. We just want to destroy the German sanctuaries to prevent more Americans from getting killed. Also, we want a pullout of all American troops by June 30. You know—put the enemy back six

months or so to help with our Englandization program."

JIM DORE

Downers Grove, Ill.

Missile to Missile

Sir: Re the Middle East [June 15]: Have we learned our lesson? Apparently not.

Once again the two superpowers rush madly toward a confrontation in which neither power can hope to exert complete control. This time it is Egypt instead of Cuba.

Once again it is the Soviet ambassador assuring us that the missiles being installed are for defense only—this time against the tiny state of Israel instead of the much larger U.S.

Once again an American President vacillates in his commitment and discredits American resolve. This time, strangely enough, it is Nixon instead of Kennedy.

Once again, when it is almost too late, the U.S. will have to move decisively to maintain the balance of power. And once again we will be eyeball to eyeball and missile to missile. But this time, who will be the first to blink? Most certainly not the Russians!

GERALD GAISER

Granada Hills, Calif.

Cause of Crisis

Sir: "The Economy: Crisis of Confidence" [June 15] was as lucid an exposition of a difficult-to-understand fact of our economic life as I have read.

It would seem that as in so many other areas of our national life, Richard Nixon the intractable, the hard-liner, is the problem.

RICHARD MCGAHAN

Greenfield, Mass.

The Heavenly Cities

Sir: Ed Banfield's views [June 1] come as a breath of fresh air. The urban conditions in this country are heavenly when compared to the conditions of city life in any other country in the world. Let those who cry wolf migrate to Rome, Cairo, Calcutta, Lima, Havana or Hong Kong and then see how long they remain there.

GEORGE A. SIMON

San Jose, Calif.

Sir: It is high time that someone had the courage, as did Edward Banfield in *The Heavenly City*, to avoid the usual half-truths and attempt to take a realistic approach to the problems of cities and urban racial relations.

It is well, too, that he alerts the do-gooders to the futility of their efforts. These

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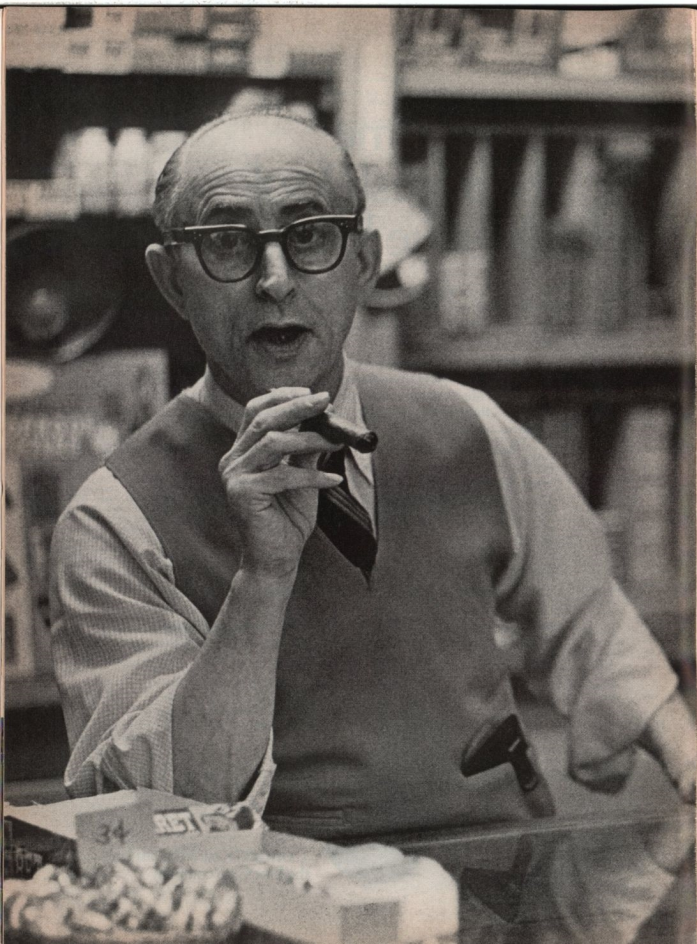
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HAROLD HALPERN

Chicago

Sir: In his defense of the unheavenly city, Edward Banfield says that the American city is turning out an increasingly wealthy citizenry. He even feels that the cities' traffic congestion can be enjoyable!

I fear that Mr. Banfield judges wealth and the standard of living by electric can openers, color TVs and brand-new convertibles. Will such things bring true happiness to the urban man who is standing knee-deep in garbage, afraid to let his children go outside because of smog warnings? I think not.

How long are we going to keep sacrificing our environmental quality to somebody's distorted concept of wealth and economic growth?

DAN DEEKINS

Millington, Tenn.

Where Are Our Parents?

Sir: Unknowingly, you have solved a mystery. For some time, I have wondered about the parents whose "darling" children are out burning the university. Alas, the parents are at the clinic, with Masters and Johnson [May 25], learning to be sexually compatible.

JANE SNYDER

Birdsboro, Pa.

Sir: Masters and Johnson's approach creates a real danger by ruling out the one in-

gradient that places humans above animals: love. By breaking down man's sexual act into stages and temperatures, and using surrogate partners just to perfect a technique, they cancel what good they might be doing by reducing the act to simple copulation.

MRS. ROLAND N. HANSEN

Rochester, Minn.

An Appropriate Bird?

Sir: Let us not mourn the imminent demise of the bald eagle [June 8]. Another bird would now reflect our national standards far better.

I suggest the cowbird. It is a social parasite. It neither builds its own nest nor rears its young. It lays its eggs in the nests of other birds. The cowbird was not always parasitic but learned from experience that foisting its young off on other birds was a very successful way to perpetuate the species without the arduousness of nest building, feeding and rearing its offspring.

With so much of our population on the dole, living and reproducing at the expense of more diligent persons, the women's liberation movement growing by leaps and bounds, monogamy being replaced by promiscuousness and family life threatened, what bird could better qualify?

MATHILDA HENKEL

Red Wing, Minn.

Sir: The Bolivian government has been conscious of the need for conservation of its alligators for many, many years. Its restrictive laws guarantee survival of these species and a normal supply of raw skins

to the local industries for many years to come.

It seems obvious that Governor Rockefeller signed the law banning alligator skins in New York [June 8] without finding out what Bolivia has done to protect these species. The action will cause the Bolivian government to lose several millions of dollars.

Conservation is necessary, but the Governor's law is quite evidently meant for public appeal only. In the case of the Bolivian alligator skins, it is not necessary.

ESTEBAN JACOBOWITZ

Jacobowitz & Cia,
Cochabamba, Bolivia

Mushrooming Comment

Sir: With regard to John Allegro's "mushroom" theology [June 8], it may be that some scholar in the future, arrogating to himself a similar kind of mushrooming philosophical method, will remark that the name Allegro means "lively" or "fast." He might also notice the similarity between "Allegro" and "allegory." And if he should reach the conclusion that "John Lively" was simply a metaphor for a fast-talking type who never really existed, who could blame him?

THOMAS N. SCHULZ

Amsterdam, The Netherlands

Sir: If Jesus was a mushroom, then as his followers, we are only spores.

RUTH HALLIDAY

Chicago

Address Letters to TIME, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



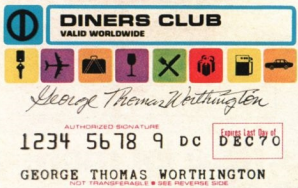
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AMERICAN NOTES

Vonnegut's Gospel

Like his novels, Kurt Vonnegut Jr.'s message to the graduating class of Bennington College was by turns desolately winsome, merely bleak and utterly but almost gaily despondent. Confessing to congenial pessimism, Vonnegut told the graduates: "Everything is going to become unimaginably worse and never get better again."

Still, Vonnegut had some suggestions: "We would be a lot safer if the Government would take its money out of science and put it into astrology and the reading of palms. I used to think that science would save us. But only in superstition is there hope. I beg you to believe in the most ridiculous superstition of all: that humanity is at the center of the universe, the fulfiller or the frustrator of the grandest dreams of God Almighty. If you can believe that and make others believe it, human beings might stop treating each other like garbage."

Vonnegut also asked the graduates to take advantage of some of youth's prerogatives. A "great swindle of our time," he said, "is that people your age are supposed to save the world. I was a graduation speaker at a little preparatory

school for girls on Cape Cod a couple of weeks ago. I told the girls that they were much too young to save the world and that after they got their diplomas, they should go swimming and sailing and walking, and just fool around."

Right and Wrong

There is not as much in a name as there used to be: the times defy the old labels of right and left, capitalist and socialist. Still, there were those who found global meaning in the stunning upset engineered by Britain's Conservative Party (see *THE WORLD*). The election of Ted Heath, following the victories of Georges Pompidou and Richard Nixon in recent years, may indicate some Atlantic longing for the more traditional positions their parties occupy.

But an equally important lesson of the results may be the reminder that *vox populi* still has the ability to surprise. Britons aged 18 to 20 were voting for the first time in a general election—just as Americans in a comparable age group may be casting their ballots in 1972. Contrary to expectations, the young Britons made no important difference for Labor. In an age of computers, all but one of Britain's polling firms were almost preposterously wrong. Politicians need to learn anew from time to time—as in the 1948 U.S. presidential election or in the 1969 French referendum that prompted Charles de Gaulle's retirement—that electorates cannot be taken for granted.

Editing Arthur Out

The television commercial looked like a Truman Capote party. There on the screen were 100 political, social and entertainment personalities brought together by the National Urban Coalition to sing *Let the Sun Shine In*. Youth was represented by the cast of *Hair*. Roy Wilkins, Whitney Young and James Farmer added soul. Merv Griffin, Chet Huntley and Johnny Carson mixed with Myrna Loy and Henry Fonda.

Soon after the commercial's release in March, viewers in all 50 states were watching it to pick out famous faces. But then one of the 100 decided to run for Governor of New York. To compound the problem, the camera had paused momentarily on former Supreme Court Justice Arthur Goldberg. Because of the FCC's equal time provisions, the commercial has been playing lately in only 49 states. New Yorkers will get to see it again, however. A new version, made at a cost of \$4,000 and minus Goldberg, will be back on their tubes this week.



POLICE STANDING GUARD

The Summer:

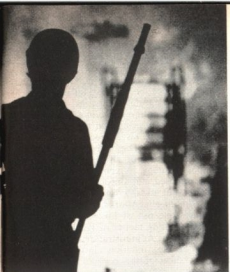
IN a largely black enclave of Miami called Brownsville, the trouble began when the white manager of a Pic 'N' Pay supermarket charged a woman \$1.25 to cash her \$157 welfare check. There had already been complaints that black customers were often addressed as "nigger" and that the store was selling rotten meat. State inspectors had ordered more than 500 lbs. of meat destroyed because it was spoiling as a result of poor refrigeration, but the move was too late. Early last week, blacks hit the streets, stoning passing cars on Northwest 27th Avenue, beating up white motorists, sniping and fire-bombing.

Dade County Sheriff E. Wilson Purdy slapped on an 8:30 p.m.-to-5 a.m. curfew, but many ignored it. For three nights, young blacks roamed the area. They smashed windows, looted and tossed fire bombs; by the end, it seemed like organized guerrilla warfare. On the fourth day, police agreed to withdraw extra forces, permitted a black mass meeting and allowed black volunteers to patrol the district themselves. In the rioting 15 blacks and three whites were wounded by gunfire, and another 47 Miami-ans were otherwise injured.

Largest Losers. In Des Moines last week, several hundred blacks and whites mixed in a melee that started after a black escaped convict, Lewis Stephen Wheeler, died after a gun battle with police. Recently angry blacks in Brooklyn burned uncollected garbage and stoned firemen who fought more than 100 separate fires in one night; Puerto Ricans in East Harlem flared up over the arrest of one of the militant Young Lords. Smaller cities are at or past the flash point. Black and white youngsters in the steel town of Aliquippa, Pa., have been battling sporadically since their confrontations forced the closing of their schools in May. In Wilmington, Del., where National Guard troops were kept on duty for more than nine months



GOLDBERG ON TV



AFTER FIRE-BOMBING IN MIAMI



RAILROAD CAR BURNING IN RIVER ROUGE, MICH., DURING APRIL DISTURBANCES

Cloudy, Occasional Storms

after the rioting that followed the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr. in 1968, black tension remains high. Says Wilmington's Mayor Hal Haskell: "No mayor in his right mind would predict right now that there won't be trouble in his city. There is a potential for trouble in every city in the U.S."

Indeed there is. Outbreaks of race violence are now more limited than they were in Harlem in 1964 or Detroit and Newark three years later. They are also generally shorter and less widespread. Yet, while police in many cities have become more skillful, and blacks have come to recognize that they are the largest losers when their own neighborhoods blow up, no one dares say flatly that the era of the long hot summer is ended. For 1970, the cautious expert forecast is: cloudy, with occasional thunderstorms.

Among the possible storm centers this summer:

NEW ENGLAND. A. Reginald Eaves, a black who heads the mayor's human rights office in Boston, worries that a large number of the city's young blacks "have become far more militant than we anticipated—the whole 'Off the pigs!' atmosphere is getting thicker." The Connecticut River towns of Springfield, Mass., and Hartford, Conn., have had outbreaks before and may again. In Springfield, blacks and whites armed with chains and baseball bats have faced off in hostile groups after high school classes; the atmosphere in Hartford has changed little since a Labor Day eruption last year. Police and National Guard officers are edgy about the chance of flare-ups during the trial of Black Panther Bobby Seale in New Haven.

NEW YORK. In the nation's largest city, Mayor John Lindsay, who has not had to face a major riot since he took office in 1966, is unusually concerned this summer. His past success came from personal sympathy and community programs for the blacks, but that has an-

gered working-class whites. Barry Gottehrer, a Lindsay aide for race relations, says: "You know that you're going to have about seven things every summer. If you do everything right, you gain the night—and that's something."

PENNSYLVANIA. Philadelphia, which did not have a major riot in the 1960s, may escape again through a combination of elaborate recreational programs and a tough but well-trained police force under Commissioner Frank Rizzo. The city of York (pop. 50,000), near the Maryland border, has had nasty troubles in the past two summers, and 1970 looks no better: last month a 14-year-old black was grabbed off the street, allegedly by six white men, then taken out of town, where he was beaten and partially scalped. Pittsburgh and the surrounding mill towns have seen black-white confrontations in the high schools like those in Aliquippa. A threatened statewide cut of 75% in some welfare payments has increased unrest among Pennsylvania blacks.

MIDWEST. While Chicago had a minor incident in the uptown section of the North Side last week, Deputy Police Superintendent Samuel Nolan is "not anticipating any serious problems—though we recognize the possibilities at any given time." The Rev. Calvin Morris, a black who is Chicago director of Operation Breadbasket, disagrees: "We're in store for a lot of trouble. People are tense and mistrustful, and the police are tense and mistrustful." In the Detroit area, Wayne County Sheriff William Lucas expects some flare-ups in the inner city but worse incidents in suburbs with smoldering racial problems; River Rouge had three nights of racial disturbances in April. In Indianapolis, law enforcement men expect things to be quiet. St. Louis police say they are keeping their fingers crossed.

THE SOUTH. The Miami eruption may not be typical since the outlook across the South is for outbreaks in the small-



CONSTRUCTION TRAINING NEAR WATTS
LOOTING IN BROOKLYN



er cities—where police are often openly hostile and ill-equipped to handle dangerous situations between blacks and whites. Blacks in the South, for their part, are arriving at a level of political consciousness ominously parallel to that of Northern ghetto blacks a few years ago, when the era of the big riots began. In mid-May, six blacks died of gunshot wounds during a fiery night in Augusta, Ga., that brought back sickening memories of Watts and Newark. Atlanta, for the moment, is more concerned with the Peachtree Street community of hippies than it is with blacks.

Unpredictable. There are other possible trouble spots, of course—among them the black ghettos of Oakland, Richmond and East Palo Alto in the San Francisco Bay area. One disturbing factor, which strikes the U.S. across the board, is a shortage of jobs this summer. Government programs will provide only 440,000 jobs in 1970 v. 505,000 a summer ago. Worse, the state of the economy is so bad that many companies that have gone out of their way to hire young blacks in previous summers say they can no longer afford to do so. There are only 15,000 summer jobs for 75,000 teen-agers in Detroit, no more than 3,000 jobs for 15,000 youngsters in San Francisco. Unemployment is already high among adult blacks. Asks one California state job placement officer: "If fathers can't find work, how in the hell are you going to find jobs for their sons?"

"The high unemployment among young blacks is not helping," said James Farmer, once head of the Congress of Racial Equality and now an Assistant Secretary at HEW. Farmer also pointed last week to a further unsettling factor within the nation's black communities: lack of confidence in the Nixon Administration, in which Farmer himself is one of the highest-ranking blacks. "The blacks started out mistrusting the President, and nothing has happened to change that," Farmer added. "There's an absence of hope—a hopelessness among blacks. I am very much worried about this summer. The Administration is sitting on a powder keg."

Many black communities around the land seem sufficiently quiescent on the surface, but that does not mean that their frustrations have vanished. "It's like a volcano," says New York's Ted Gross, a Lindsay aide. "Underneath, it's bubbling." Guerrilla warfare may replace open rioting in the larger cities, as black militants zero in on selected targets in the white community and then retreat to the ghetto. Bombings of police stations by radicals, white or black, have already become a big-city fact of life. Violence is unpredictable: Chicago's blacks did not revolt when police killed Black Panther Fred Hampton, but a minor grocery-store dispute set off last week's Miami rioting. A random incident can either pass almost unnoticed or set off a riot that endures for days.

Picking Up the Wishbone

THE nation's long war of attrition against inflation has proved as intractable as the war in Viet Nam. Last week the rise in the consumer price index for May came out at an annual rate of 6%, the same as April and roughly the plateau on which it has been stuck since the start of the year. But steel prices, which had risen steadily, began to level off, and the price of consumer services began to soften a little. Most principal indicators continued to show bad news. Interest rates remained high. The national unemployment rate reached 5% last month, and some local jobless rates passed the 7% mark.

Against this confused backdrop, Richard Nixon last week delivered his long-promised message on the economy. Committed to cooling the economy through tight money and cutbacks in federal spending, the President had steadfastly refused to abandon his game plan despite the mounting pressure to take a more active role against inflation. Last week he bowed to the pressure and moved to meet his critics at least part way. The President still refused to pick up the jawbone that his predecessors had wielded on excessive wage and price rises. But he did at least pick up a wishbone and proposed three specific measures to step up the attack on inflation:

- ▶ Creation of a National Commission on Productivity, composed of representatives from business, labor, Government and the public, to seek ways of boosting U.S. industry's productivity.

- ▶ Establishment within the Government of a Regulations and Purchasing Review Board to study federal regulations and import policies in order to pinpoint where the Government inadvertently acts to drive up costs.

- ▶ Assignment of the Council of Economic Advisers to prepare a periodic "in-

flation alert," warning the public which wage or price boosts are inflationary and identifying the industries, though not the corporations or unions involved.

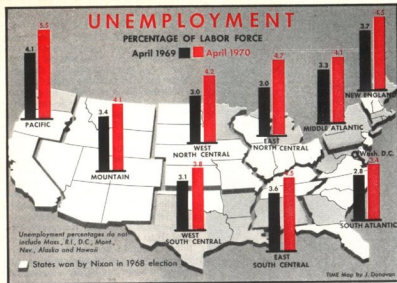
Nixon's proposals failed to go as far as those urged by his economic and congressional critics. They nevertheless represent a significant shift in his anti-inflation strategy. Nixon is philosophically opposed not only to mandatory controls, but to any forms of governmental management of a free economy, and has gone out of his way to avoid the arm-twisting tactics of the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations. His espousal of the "inflation alert," though still far short of the jawboning he abhors, thus represents a cautious step away from a passive posture to an activist presidential role in economic policy. "Now is the time for business at every level to take price actions more consistent with a stable cost of living," said the President. "Now is the time for labor to structure its wage demands to better achieve a new stability of costs." His plea brought an immediate response from one firm. An Indiana electrical company announced that it would buy no copper wire from any firm that increased its prices.

Bipartisan Chorus. The President's step was not easy. His address was conceived in uncertainty, born out of compromise. The White House had announced last April that Nixon would soon talk to the nation about the economy. It delayed the speech after the President ordered U.S. troops into Cambodia, put it off again in the tumultuous weeks following his decision. Then the stock market plummeted, and a chorus of U.S. businessmen, economists and Congressmen from both sides of the aisle joined in urging the President to talk to the people about inflation.

Nixon agreed to the talk, but neither he nor his aides agreed as to what he



DAVID ROCKEFELLER & CHASE MANHATTAN OFFICIALS WATCHING
A product designed to reassure friends, mollify critics and buy



should say. Federal Reserve Board Chairman Arthur Burns opposed controls but favored an "incomes policy" under which the Government would establish, but not enforce, wage-price guidelines. Labor Secretary George Shultz and Herbert Stein, a member of the Council of Economic Advisers, wanted to do nothing at all. CEA Chairman Paul McCracken opposed any plan that would require his staff to police wage-and-price agreements.

Second-echelon aides had more specific suggestions. Treasury Under Secretary Paul Volcker suggested a voluntary wage-price freeze. Treasury Under Secretary Charles Walker backed Senator Jacob Javits' original plan to have some group identify and spotlight major inflationary wage-and-price hikes before they take place, but did not feel it was a job for the CEA. Trying to rec-

* The unusual first name was a whim of Walker's mother.

WILLIAM B. BEVINE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES



PRESIDENT NIXON'S SPEECH ON TV time for the game plan to work.

oncle all this, Speechwriter William Safire wrote ten drafts before a reluctant consensus was reached.

The result was a product that attempted to reassure the Administration's friends, mollify its critics and buy time for the game plan to work. The President announced that he was sticking to his basic strategy to combat inflation. But he also placed great emphasis on winding down the Viet Nam War. Blaming current unemployment on a recent cutback of more than 700,000 military and civilian defense-related jobs, Nixon said that the nation was undergoing the difficult transition from a wartime to a peacetime economy, and predicted that the economic situation would remain tense until the change was accomplished. He expressed confidence, however, that the U.S. could make this transition without resorting to governmental controls, in the process reaffirming his commitment to get out of Viet Nam as soon as Vietnamization permits.

Reaction to the President's address was partisan. Economist Milton Friedman hailed Nixon's decision to avoid wage-and-price controls. University of Minnesota Professor Walter Heller found the President's espousal of wish-boning "better than nothing, but not much." Banker David Rockefeller, who had urged the President to appeal for restraint, termed Nixon's proposals "excellent." But A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany, who has supported Nixon on Viet Nam, disagreed with his plans to end inflation. "I fail to see how they will curb inflation, reduce unemployment and cut interest rates," he said. Emil Mazey, secretary-treasurer of the United Auto Workers, was even less impressed. Said he: "I understand the speech did wonders for the flowers and bushes around the White House."

Almost everyone has felt the economic pinch. The Boeing Co. has laid off 22,000 workers in the Puget Sound area since January, plans to trim its pay-

roll from a 1968 high of 101,000 to 45,000 by the end of this year. One of those affected by the cutback, Engineer George Wheeler, recently sold his \$28,000 house in Seattle, and plans to move into a \$40-a-month apartment in his native state of Wyoming where he hopes to teach. Electronics firms have laid off 5% of their personnel in Massachusetts. William Kukers, 52, lost his \$20,000-a-year job as a project manager with Avco Corp., now supports his wife and 16-year-old son on \$68 a week in unemployment compensation and a dwindling savings account. Automobile manufacturers have slashed their payrolls by 18,500, and Detroit's advertising agencies have laid off more than 200 employees, many of whom are dipping into their savings as they search for jobs.

The housing market has been seriously slowed. Housing starts are down 80% in Indianapolis, 65% in Cleveland. Stock-brokerage houses are letting some of their people go. The manager of the Bull N' Bear Restaurant in Chicago's financial district says that business has dropped off 15% and brokers who used to eat in his dining room now take their meals in the less expensive cafeteria and coffee shop. "And they're not boozing or partying as much," he adds. Summer jobs for students are in short supply.

Nixon's house economists are gambling on an upturn by midsummer, and experts like Leif Olsen, senior vice president and economist of First National City Bank, see a lessening of inflation. No one has more riding on an inflationary slowdown than Nixon himself. As a political mathematician, he need only look at economics statistics to realize that few groups have been hit harder by the recession than the usually secure middle class of the West and Midwestern industrial centers that helped him to victory in 1968.

RAYNE—LOUISVILLE COURIER JOURNAL



"'A VOLUNTARY DIET?' EXCLAIMED TWEEDELUDD, 'YES! YES! YES!' 'DITTO, DITTO, DITTO!' CRIED TWEEDELUDD."

THE VICE PRESIDENCY

Agnew's Pungent Quotient

He likes to call them his "pithies and pungents," the zinging denunciations of Administration critics that have made him headlines off and on since he assailed "an effete corps of impudent snobs" in a New Orleans speech last October. He has since blasted away at "the whole damn zoo" of young radicals, scoffed at "tomentose exhibitionists who provoke more derision than fear," damned "the didactic inadequacies of the garrulous" and proclaimed that "abetting the merchants of hate are the parasites of passion." Vice President Spiro Agnew concedes that there are hazards in using "intemperate language," but he insists: "If you can get your thought through to the people, it can be worth the risk."

There is no doubt that Agnew has got his thoughts through to the people, but last week his quotient of pithies and pungents was notably lowered. In Detroit he condemned as "emotionalists" those who espouse hysterical dissent, but found reasonable disagreement to be a national necessity. In Washington he renewed his charges of antiwar bias against some major newspapers and TV networks, but defended the freedom of the press, asserting that "Government and the press are natural adversaries." He also argued for a lowering of the voting age to 18. Said Agnew: "I believe that once our young people can sound off at the polls, there will be less need to sound off in the streets."

Out of the Blue. Though his speech-making about youth was conciliatory, a more casual remark about one young American was not. The lone student on President Nixon's new commission on campus disorder, Joseph Rhodes Jr., 22, a junior fellow at Harvard, set Agnew off like a fire bomb. Talking to a New York Times reporter, Rhodes wondered "if the President's and Vice President's statements are killing people." Agnew read the interview and demanded Rhodes' resignation. Rhodes, he said, has "a transparent bias that will make him counterproductive to the work of the commission."

The Vice President's broadside took Nixon by surprise—it came "right out of the blue," said an aide. But the President simply had Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler explain to reporters that Agnew was speaking for himself, that Rhodes would not be replaced because the President wanted "a wide range of views" represented on the commission. Later, outgoing HEW Secretary Robert Finch who joined Nixon's White House staff, observed that the incident only served to strengthen the commission. Said Finch: "It might perhaps have given it more legitimacy and visibility than it had before."

Forage Out. Nixon was "relaxed" about the Rhodes incident, an aide says, and by all accounts the relationship between himself and Agnew remains solid.



SPEECHWRITER HELMS
Help with the pithies.

One White House source insists that "there isn't any direct rein" on Agnew. The closest thing to any sort of curbing came when Nixon obliquely suggested to Agnew that he broaden his topics beyond dissent and the media. Nixon had his own speechwriters send Agnew some material on foreign policy, the welfare program and postal reform; Agnew was duly heard from in public on all three subjects.

Nixon knows only too well the uses of the vice presidency, and he lets Agnew do for him what he himself did for Dwight Eisenhower. "My political function," Agnew says, "is to forage out in advance of existing policies and generally to project the philosophy of

the Administration." The personal equation helps. "We have a similar background," Agnew observes. "I can easily identify. I have not yet misconstrued the President's intentions. Of course, this is a high-risk activity, though I haven't yet fallen off the bridge."

Always His. The pithies and pungents that have kept Agnew on the Nixon bridge are largely his own. Mrs. Cynthia Rosenwald, a Baltimorean who wrote the drafts of many Agnew speeches until she quit recently for family reasons, says modestly and accurately: "I did the part where the audience went to sleep. The really great lines were always his." Agnew, who sometimes uses speeches written by the White House staff, acquired a new speechwriter last week. He is Johann C. Helms, 29, a recent Harvard Ph.D. who gained national attention last summer when he blistered Harvard's treatment of student rioters in testimony before a Senate subcommittee—as Harvard President Nathan Pusey, who never did get to testify, listened uncomfortably.

Helms made his debut last week by working on Agnew's speech for a Republican dinner in Cleveland, which grossed more than \$325,000. Since the New Orleans opus in October, an aide reports, the Vice President has become "a very hot item." Just in the past five months, he has been the guest of honor at galas that have earned some \$3,000,000 for the G.O.P.

CITIES

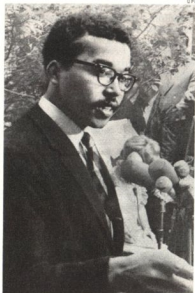
The Visible Man

It is a measure of America's racial agony that when a black man became mayor of Newark last week, his ascent to political power seemed to many a threat to the system rather than a confirmation of it.

Nothing, really, had changed. A boy born in poverty to hard-working parents had pushed himself through twelve long years of night school to earn a college degree. The long suppressed ethnic group to which he belonged grew in number and in influence. He saw the political process as the correct, the constructive avenue for expressing his people's hopes and dissipating their fears.

If he had been Irish in Boston in the 1930s, or Italian in Buffalo in the 1960s, Kenneth Gibson's victory last week would have been both unremarked and unremarkable. But Gibson is, in Novelist Ralph Ellison's phrase, an invisible man—possessing a black skin that blinds many whites to the humanity within.

Gibson is visible now, having confirmed for himself, his people and his city that the system works. In a runoff election with Mayor Hugh Addonizio—himself the political product of Newark's now diminishing Italian voting bloc—Gibson took a surprising 56% of the vote in what had been considered a close race. He won by 55,097 to 43,086, getting 95% of the black vote and almost 20% of the white



JOSEPH RHODES JR.
Range for the views.

vote. Among the whites who supported him were hundreds in Italian residential districts and thousands in areas where voters had supported a white candidate, John Cauffield, in the first round of voting last month. Former City Fire Director Cauffield had thrown his support to Gibson, and despite harassment to himself and his family, had campaigned for him. Cauffield may wind up in a city hall job.

The aftermath of the vote was reassuringly normal. Young blacks snake-danced happily in Newark's streets, where, in the 1967 riots, young blacks had lain dead. Inside, a mostly black, mostly middle-class crowd partied for hours. His celebrators stopped cheering long enough for Gibson to tell them that, as he had said throughout his campaign, he would now turn to reconciliation and the desperately needed improvement of Newark's municipal services. "When Robert Treat founded the city of Newark over 300 years ago," Gibson said, "I am sure he never and you never realized that some day Newark would have soul."

Just Frightened. Addonizio headquarters were understandably dispirited, but the defeated incumbent issued a calm and constructive concession statement. He congratulated Gibson on his "splendid victory," called on the city to support him, and offered his own help in the transfer of power. Two days after the election, the two men had a cordial meeting.

There was lingering bitterness too. Before Addonizio's statement, militant anti-blacks who had placed their hopes on him attacked newsmen covering his headquarters. No one was seriously hurt, but cameras were smashed and TV cables ripped out. For some white voters, Gibson's triumph was a nightmare. Said one white man: "Harry Belafonte came in last week, and then there are those young Jewish lawyers from Paterson coming up here. It's all outsiders and Communists." Outside a polling place, Mrs. Josephine Heinze demanded: "Are we prejudiced because we voted for Addonizio?" Her daughter replied for both of them: "Said Mrs. Nancy Natale: 'No, we're just frightened.' A black youth taunted a group of white policemen with 'You're all going to be fired now.' The cop's response to a reporter: 'Let them have their fun now. Just come back in a year and see what it will be like.'"

But racial fears could not balance Addonizio's debts in the polling booth. Chief among them appeared to be the extortion charges for which he is now on trial. Three city councilmen indicted

with him were also defeated at the polls last week. Gibson, who takes office July 1 and has not yet made his key appointments, will have to work with a council composed of six whites and three blacks, five elected from opposition seats.

Mona Lisa. It is a certainty of American demography that just as Gibson is not the first black mayor of a large city, he will not be the last. In Cleveland, Carl Stokes became mayor with the help of 19% of the white vote; in Gary, Ind., Richard Hatcher won with 12% of the white voters on his side. Like Gibson, they are the products of poverty, determination and faith in the political process. In the future, there will be more Ken Gibsons, if present trends continue: the rise of black population in central cities and the white



GIBSON AT VICTORY PARTY
Confirmation of the system.

flight to the suburbs. Among the cities with a black population approaching 50% are Detroit, Baltimore, St. Louis and New Orleans.

One leading Newark politician may have come closer to the truth than he realized in a half-jocular summary of the meaning of Gibson's election. "Gibson is like the *Mona Lisa*," he said. "You don't really know what he can do or what he will do. Probably after the first week, LeRoi Jones [the militant black writer who supported Gibson] will want to assassinate him. After the second week, Gibson will lose his moderate support. Eventually, he will just be another mayor in trouble." And, he might have added, black officeholders will some day provide the final evidence of the system at work: they will make mistakes and black voters will turn them out of office.

THE CONGRESS

History in an Hour

President Nixon, who has had the normal quota of trouble getting what he wants from a Democratic Congress, last week got what he did not want and did not need. It was a historic legislative package of voting rights, wrapped in constitutional doubt and ticking with uncertain political potential. The bill on the President's desk includes the extension of voting rights to an estimated 11,000,000 Americans between the ages of 18 and 21, which would be the first such enlargement of the franchise since women were given the right to vote 50 years ago. The 18-year-old vote provision was a late-starting addition to legislation that renewed the Voting Rights Act of 1965. Under that highly successful act, more than 1,740,000 Southern blacks have been added to the voting lists. A year ago, the President proposed renewal of the act for another five years. But he asked that it apply throughout the nation and that changes in local voting rules no longer be subject to prior federal approval. As a result, already overworked Government lawyers would have to initiate time-consuming legal action after laws had already been passed. That would have dispersed enforcement efforts in the South, and thus his proposal was seen by civil rights advocates as an attempt to weaken the act.

Senate Packaging. Nixon prevailed in the House, but the Senate demurred. It voted instead for a straightforward five-year extension of the civil rights aspects of the existing act and then did some broadening of its own. First, it limited residency requirements for presidential elections to 30 days, making it possible for an additional 5,000,000 Americans to vote. Then the Senate added to the bill a section giving the vote to 18-year-olds.

That put the next move up to the House, which had never debated the franchise extension and where 82-year-old Representative Emanuel Celler, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, was violently opposed to it. The first key move was to get from the pro civil rights majority on the House Rules Committee a resolution under which the House would bypass the normal procedure—sending the bill to a House-Senate conference committee—and instead vote directly on the Senate package. Not only did the resolution allow the bill to avoid the hostility of Mississippi Senator James Eastland in a conference, it provided that the House could not separate the two aspects of the bill but must act in a single ballot on the entire package.

Facts of Life. Parliamentary historians may some day marvel at what the Democrats wrought. They were confronted with a situation in which the House had already voted with Nixon on his version of the voting rights bill. Most of the House was probably also

with him in his belief that while the vote for 18-year-olds was desirable, it could best be legally accomplished through a constitutional amendment and not ordinary legislation. But there were other elements in the picture. Every representative faces re-election in November, many in districts where, from conviction or expediency, they cannot appear to be against voting rights for blacks. At the same time, some of the nation's youth is at war in Indochina and at home; to appear to be denying them the ballot is, seemingly, to deny them admission to the political system.

The maneuver turned two minorities into a majority. The crucial vote came on Wednesday of last week. There was a single hour of debate. Pressure came from the White House for a vote against the bill, and from the N.A.A.C.P. and the A.F.L.-C.I.O. for it. During the debate, the G.O.P.'s respected William McCulloch of Ohio warned the House that a "no" vote would mean that "the most effective civil rights law in our nation's history will be emasculated." Celler was now as strongly in favor of the package as he had been opposed to the 18-year-old vote provision standing alone. Said one cynical observer: "Some of the boys threw a net over Manny and explained the facts of life to him."

President's Turn. As the roll call began, cautious Republicans held back to see if their votes would be crucial enough to save Nixon. They would not. In the end, 59 Republicans defected. The vote on the resolution itself was 272-132.

The next move was the President's. He said he would make it early this week, and the betting at the White House was that he would sign the bill reluctantly. If he does, the problem goes to the courts, where the President feels the law will be declared unconstitutional. Many legal scholars agree with him, pointing to Section 2 of the 14th Amendment, which describes voters as males "being 21 years of age." On the other side of the argument, some lawyers contend that the "equal protection of the laws" demanded in Section 1 of the same amendment opens the way for Congress to act on the issue with simple legislation. Congress anticipated a Supreme Court test by explicitly providing for one to be made and completed, hopefully before the act takes effect at the beginning of 1971.

The potential political effect of the bill may disappoint the Democrats, who clearly believe Nixon fears a bloc of young voters and will suffer at their hands in 1972. In the four states where under-21s now vote—Georgia, Kentucky, Alaska and Hawaii—the evidence is that young voters tend to divide roughly as their parents do. Furthermore, statistics show that the younger the voting group, the lower the percentage actually voting. And the President could also take heart from the news from England, where 18-year-olds voted for the first time last week. They clearly did not hurt Conservative Edward Heath.

CENTENNIALS

The Great Birthday Squabble

*Gallants attend, and hear a friend,
Thrill forth harmonious ditty,
Strange things I'll tell, which late
befell,
In Philadelphia city.*

—The Battle of the Kegs

Were Francis Hopkinson alive today, he would have found ample material for a ditty on the battle for Bicentennial City in 1976 instead of a spoof on the British Army's panic in 1778.

As Great Society planners saw it back in 1966 when President Lyndon Johnson appointed the 35-member American Revolution Bicentennial Commission, the year 1976 was to be no ordinary national birthday party. Instead of creating battlefield reruns or splashy carnivals of no lasting value, the cel-

cost \$500 million, mostly in federal and state moneys.

Washington was a late starter, coming along only ten months ago with a design for a vast "New Town," in which whole sections of the city would be rebuilt at a cost of \$4.5 billion.

Almost as an afterthought, Miami threw its boater into the ring. "We know we don't have the history stuff, but we sure want to be part of the national celebration," explained a local booster.

Foot Dragging. As the Bicentennial Commission dragged its feet through months of indecision, the four contenders became restive. They needed commission approval before they could ask the Bureau of International Expositions for designation as an exposition site—a prerequisite to financial success in luring tourists from around the world.

Meanwhile, opposition to the expo-

KENNEDY GALLERIES, NEW YORK



CELEBRATING AMERICAN CENTENNIAL, PHILADELPHIA 1876

For the second, a floating fair or rebuilt city.

bration money would be used to redevelop a city or even an entire region. This regional concentration would be the quinquennial of the national spirit, demonstrating the admirable virtues of teamwork, brainpower and American know-how.

History Stuff. Jumping the mark as early as 1959 in the race for the designation was Philadelphia—site of the Continental Congress, the adoption of the Declaration of Independence and the drafting of the Constitution. Philadelphia planned displays and a futuristic redeveloped community in the northern section. Estimated cost: \$1 billion, mostly in federal moneys.

Entering the contest next was Boston, sponsored by John F. Kennedy. The President took the unusual step in 1962 of personally asking the Bureau of International Expositions in Paris to reserve Boston as the international exposition site in 1975. Later Boston submitted a plan for a 500-acre, floating World's Fair over the harbor that would

sition idea began developing in Boston and Philadelphia. Louise Day Hicks, while campaigning for the Boston city council, claimed that the city would have to raise taxes by \$22 million to provide its share—too great a burden in an election year. Mrs. Hicks' campaign caused the city council to vote unanimously to withdraw its support. In Philadelphia, Novella Williams, a black militant organizer, complained that the bicentennial had little significance to her people. She explained: "It gives us no political or economic advantages—just taxation without representation." Furthermore, she said, "if you build a house nice enough for tourists, how will blacks be able to afford it?"

Acting on the recommendation of the Department of Commerce, the Bicentennial Commission's executive committee last March proposed that all four of the cities participate in the celebration, since no city was prepared to take on the whole burden. But two months later this was changed when

the full commission voted to have small, local celebrations across the nation. Even fewer people seemed to like that idea. "Without federal coordination, we'll probably just have a few Minutemen run up Bunker Hill and shoot redcoats every third day," mused James Matthew, Boston Expo's general manager. On behalf of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania Senators Hugh Scott and Richard Schweiker groused about the "highly unusual procedures" of the commission and hinted at a congressional investigation if the decentralization decision were not reconsidered.

America's Penchant. Washington, like Philadelphia, is still forcefully lobbying to win the designation, and Vice President Spiro Agnew and Maryland's Senator Joseph Tydings are active in lobbying for the capital. Also rooting for Washington are the Joint Center for Urban Studies of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Harvard University, plus the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

The commission will soon deliver its report to President Nixon. He is expected to announce the final decision, appropriately, on July 4, which is certain to produce fireworks no matter how Solomonic his judgment.

AMERICAN SCENE

The Rattlesnakes of Pinole

ALFRED HITCHCOCK once imagined a small California town abruptly and unaccountably beset by flocks of homicidal birds. In Pinole, a suburban hamlet in the hills 14 miles north of San Francisco, the idea might not seem entirely fantastic. Each summer for the past three years, an almost biblical plague of rattlesnakes has descended on the town.

The effect upon such a bedroom community, with its \$35,000 Spanish-style houses and stucco split-levels, has been a weird suburban anxiety. Twelve families living along Wright Avenue have killed 27 rattlers so far this year, and as one housewife said, "It's hardly even summer." One man found a snake coiled on the front seat of his car. The snakes slither across manicured lawns, nest in the coolness of garages and patios. Reid Waddell, a 42-year-old butcher, bent down to pick up his evening paper and saw a rattler side-winding across his driveway.

Three-year-old Melody McGuire ran into the kitchen screaming that there was "a big worm" in her sandbox. Children are taught to play cautiously—if they are allowed outside at all. The suburban routine for housewives now includes decapitating rattlers with a shovel. Melody's parents have killed 18 of them since the family moved to Pinole in 1968. At least one husband keeps a .22-cal. rifle ready in his closet.

Surprisingly, only one resident has

ARMED FORCES Welcome to the Army, Mr. Jones

Army basic training has traditionally been a cross between a prolonged fraternity hazing and a trip through bedlam—eight weeks of abuse and instruction aimed at preparing the recruit for the even worse ordeal of war. Now the system may be changing. Convinced that men can be trained to fight for positive motivation rather than fear, Army brass at Fort Ord, Calif., are experimenting with a basic reform in basic training that could greatly change the armed forces and mark the end of the Sergeant Snorkel drill instructor.

Now being tried out with two battalions of trainees (about 2,500 men), Fort Ord's merit program eliminates the most egregious indignities of the old-style boot camp. Arriving trainees are greeted courteously, not chivvied into their first formation by snarling sergeants. In place of the customary head shaving, they are given a choice of three suggested hair styles. Nor must they tolerate the name-calling and physical threats that have characterized basic training till now. Along with their green fatigues, recruits are issued laminated

plastic "merit cards" on which their instructors can punch up to 50 points a week and 80 during the final week of basic to reward them for their performance in inspections, physical-fitness tests, marksmanship and other military skills. The points can be cashed in for privileges; 30 points win a trainee a weekend movie, 80 a Sunday off post, and 150 a weekend pass. Recruits are also represented, along with their commanding officers and noncoms, on a company trainee council that meets every two weeks to hear gripes or suggestions.

Both Major General Phillip Davidson Jr., who helped develop the program, and the Pentagon are pleased with its results so far. Morale in the first three companies trained under the merit system was higher than average. AWOL and sick calls lower. One of the test companies set a Fort Ord record in rifle marksmanship. But many oldtime drill instructors resent the change, which diminishes their authority and forces them to deal more personally with the recruits. They may be forced to go along anyway. The President is hoping to make military service voluntary, and there are likely to be more volunteers for an Army run in a more gentlemanly fashion.

been bitten. Ten-year-old Gregory Doney was walking barefoot in front of his family's house early this month when he felt a searing pain in his right foot. He survived, but has not yet recovered the full use of his leg.

It is either luck or a testimony to nervous caution that there have been no deaths. The snakes are Northern Pacific rattlers, whose venom carries a he-

last year and the rain has been light this season, and still they come.

Dr. Nathan Cohen, a University of California herpetologist, has a different explanation: "This community is like a finger poking in the eye of nature and aggravating it. These young snakes come out of their nests, and they have only one place to go. The watered lawns and garages offer them a cool refuge during the hot summer days."

Older residents recall that they once would not let their dogs wander in the canyons where the new refugees from the city now water their lawns with sprinklers—with an apprehensive eye on the coiled garden hose.

No protection seems satisfactory. Chemical warfare against the snakes could also kill off such harmless but ecologically essential animals as rabbits, deer and hawks. Burning off the hills would also kill indiscriminately and create potential flood conditions. Someone has even suggested that the suburbanites keep wild turkeys and hogs, traditional enemies of rattlesnakes.

Apart from the physical danger they present, the snakes have caused a sense of civic humiliation. Like most suburban communities, Pinole hopes to grow, and Mayor Donald E. Tormey fears that the snakes are driving away new residents. No one speaks for the snakes, who owned Pinole in the first place, and may simply be having their vengeance upon the bulldozer.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS



NORTHERN PACIFIC RATTLER

molytic agent that destroys the red blood cells. Roughly one foot long at birth (they grow up to five feet), the snakes bear enough poison from the time they leave the nest to kill a full-grown man.

There are various theories to explain the herpetic invasion. According to one, an unusually heavy rainfall in 1968 forced the snakes out of their hillside habitat. Another suggests that exploratory oil drilling caused subterranean reverberations that drove the snakes into residential areas. But the drilling stopped

THE WORLD

Unexpected Triumph

OUTSIDE No. 10 Downing Street, a crowd of 1,500 Londoners waited expectantly behind lines of blue-suited bobbies. A blue Rover limousine braked to a stop; surging through the police lines, the crowd cheered. Edward ("Ted") Heath, 53, who normally masks his emotions, broke into a triumphant smile. Then, as the crowd fell silent, Britain's new Prime Minister spoke from the steps of 10 Downing Street. Invoking the liberal and unifying concept of Benjamin Disraeli, founder of the modern Conservative Party, Heath said: "To govern is to serve. Our purpose is not to divide but to unite, and where there are difficulties, to bring about reconciliation and to create one nation."

As is the British custom, moving vans arrived at No. 10 with almost indecent haste to cart away the household possessions of defeated Harold Wilson and his wife Mary. Shortly before Heath went in the front door, the Wilsons left swiftly through the back exit. Said Wilson: "She never thought of it as home." In fact, the Wilsons had no real home. Until they found new digs, Heath graciously offered them the use of Chequers, the prime ministerial weekend estate, 40 miles northwest of London.

In one of the great electoral upsets in modern British history, Ted Heath's underdog Conservatives had won a 43-seat margin over the greatly favored Labor Party. The outcome confounded bookmaker, poll taker and political pundit alike. A few days before the election, London's bookies, who are among the world's biggest odds makers, had been giving bets at 6 to 1 on Wilson's triumph. The Gallup and Marplan polls predicted that Labor would win a popular majority of as much as 8.7%, which would have resulted in a 150-seat majority in Commons. One opinion sampling showed that 67% of the population were convinced that Wilson would win. British sociologists wrote reasoned dissertations suggesting that Wilson had created an enduring Socialist majority, and many Britons went along with the idea.

Small Turnout

They were all wrong. When the very first election results trickled into London last week, the computers at once flashed the prediction of a Tory triumph. As the night wore on, district after district reported an average 5% swing to the Conservatives. The next day, as Heath drove to Buckingham Palace, kissed the hand of Queen Elizabeth II and accepted her commission to form a government, the British nation appeared stunned by what it had wrought. "Heath has done a Truman," declared the *Guardian*, recalling the for-

mer President's 1948 upset of Thomas E. Dewey.

What on earth had happened? For one thing, the mood of the country proved to be markedly different from the findings of most analysts. The Tory cause was aided by two fears that haunt Britain's lower and middle classes: the rising cost of living and the specter of racial tension, a theme vehemently exploited by Tory Rightist Enoch Powell (see box, page 21). But the most important factor was the drop in the electoral turnout, which was the lowest in postwar history; small turnouts almost invariably hurt Labor and favor the better-organized and more strongly motivated Tories.

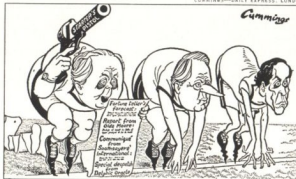
One reason for the large stay-at-home count was the apathy induced by the pollsters' confident declarations that Wilson had the election in the bag. Said Deputy Tory Leader Reginald Maudling: "We have delivered a right and a left to Mr. Wilson and Dr. Gallup." The British press agreed. "We have all been the dupes of the polls," wrote the London *Evening Standard's* George Gale. Added the *Evening News*: "The polls will not have much impact for many years to come." Many pollsters admitted that they had failed to take suf-



HEATH ARRIVING AT NO. 10
Aided by two haunting fears.

ficient in the opinion polls. But then he engineered an incredible comeback. His earlier draconian economic measures, while causing great complaints because of wage and price freezes, devaluation and crushing taxes, began to pay off. Britain's perennial balance-of-payments deficit turned into a healthy surplus that was twice as large as the amount promised by Chancellor of the Exchequer Roy Jenkins. Wilson then allowed some economic plums to drop to pleased Britons, including wage hikes and an end of the ban on carrying more than £50 abroad. He shelved his controversial

CUMMINGS—DAILY EXPRESS, LONDON



"ON YOUR MARKS! GET SET ... ER, ON YOUR MARKS, GET SET ... ER."



"I THOUGHT WE'D"

ficient note of the possibility of low turnout. Said Pollster Louis Harris: "There is just no excuse for it all."

Harold Wilson would concur. A careful sampler of the public mood, he had based the greatest test of his political life on the polls' indications of a swing in British public opinion. Only one year ago, Wilson had been written off in British politics almost as completely as Lyndon Johnson had been in the U.S. Beset by a lagging economy, ridiculed for his handling of the comic Anguilla crisis, and denounced for backing down on his plans for union reform, Wilson seemed to have no future. His party trailed the Tories by as much as 26.8%



"BUT WE CAN STILL WIN"



WILSON FOLLOWING DEFEAT
Apathy was the final factor.

plan to reform Britain's squabbling unions.

Suddenly his political standing began to rise sharply. Since his five-year term would expire in May 1971, Wilson began to think about holding elections soon, while things were going well. When his ratings overtook the Tories' in the mid-May polls, he overcame the caution of some advisers, who suggested waiting until October. Gambling that the tide would continue to run in his favor, Wilson, who sought to become the first Prime Minister in 100 years to lead his party to three successive elec-

toral triumphs, called the election for June. It is a month seldom considered for elections, since Britons are then normally preoccupied with the joys of early summer. This year the preoccupation promised to be especially intense because Britain's world-champion soccer team would be defending its title in Mexico City.

Wilson tried to make a virtue out of Britain's relaxed mood. Apparently convinced that the country was moving toward a presidential system of image politics, he breezed through the countryside in search of maximum crowd exposure, a dependable showman who concentrated on radiating reassurance while ducking most of the issues. Somewhat shyly taking credit for the unusually fine June weather, Wilson would confide to listeners: "I have been trying to arrange for the sun to stay out for a few days."

For the austere Ted Heath, nothing seemed to go right. Ill at ease in crowds and bone-dry in manner, he made such an unfavorable impression among reporters who followed him that they began referring to him as "poor Ted Heath" while calculating the size of Wilson's victory. Late in the campaign, Heath made a painful effort to unbend a little, but even that sometimes backfired. When TV cameramen swarmed out of a campaign bus to snap Heath in the extraordinary act of kissing a child, a sudden downpour sent everyone running for cover. "If I had any doubts before," muttered one newsman,

one reporter, "is like covering El Salvador in the World Cup matches."

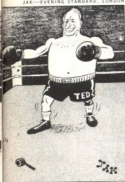
For all his unspectacular ways, however, Ted Heath had shrewdly anticipated an early election. Last January he called his Shadow Cabinet into a closed session at suburban Croydon's Selsdon Park Hotel, where he and his colleagues batted out a new party platform. At that time Heath, who is an excellent administrator, declared that the party organization should be geared up for a possible June election. It was. The Tories are nothing if not good managers and good disciplinarians. In every department of Abbey House, their central office in Westminster's Smith Square, methods and systems were tightened. Throughout the regions, new party managers were appointed, printing presses checked, lists of halls and booking arrangements updated, and local voluntary workers enlisted. Parliamentary candidates' lists were completed and biographies prepared for immediate distribution whenever an election would be announced. Thus, when Harold Wilson jumped to an early election date, the Conservative organization was far better prepared than his own party.

Freeze and Squeeze

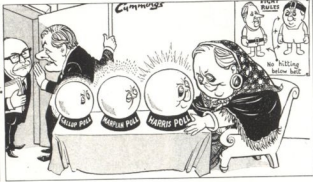
Moreover, Ted Heath began to score with the issues. He took personal charge of the campaign, insisted that the party concentrate on prices and taxes. Some ranking Tories disagreed. Attacking Wilson on the economy, they argued, would be hitting him where he was strongest. Wilson was indeed making much of Britain's ability to pay its own way at last. On his forays into the countryside, he often began with a proud boast that Britain was no longer facing the world with cap in hand.

Doggedly, Heath kept to his own path, convinced that housewives were heeding his message. If Labor came back to power, he cried, its tax policies would guarantee more inflation. "We would have a 3-shilling loaf, a shilling bus fare and a shilling telephone call, and we would have to pay for them out of a 10-shilling pound," he declared. In Leicester, he evoked the specter of "the poor, the penniless and the housewives" facing across-the-board price boosts—milk up twopence a pint, jam up 8 pence a pound, sausage up 9 pence, coal up £2 10 shillings a ton.

Heath expanded the "shopping-basket campaign," as Tories now called it, to warn that the whole nation might again have trouble making ends meet. Wilson's "sunshine economy" could not last, he warned. If Labor was elected, there would be another "freeze and squeeze" on wages and profits. "That's life with Labor. Four years squeeze and four months sunshine," Heath told crowds. Not on speaking terms with his rival, he zeroed in on Harold Wilson's credibility. Time and again he appealed to "those who despise the slick trick, the easy promise" to turn the Labor rascals out. Heath even raised



RIGGED THE COMPUTER!



"HE'S IN CONFERENCE ABOUT IMPORTANT AFFAIRS."

IN '70, CAN'T WE, SKIPPER?"



"now I know: Harold Wilson is God."

When Heath tried to generate some favorable publicity by going sailing in his yacht, he ran it aground. When reporters asked about the attractive woman he had taken along, Heath, who is Britain's first bachelor Prime Minister since Arthur Balfour in 1902, archly dismissed questions of a possible romance. "Absolute nonsense," said Heath. "She's a friend of the navigator's." When photographers asked him to pose drinking beer with the boys in the pub, Heath replied: "No, thanks. I've got whisky in the plane." Journalists found his electioneering style dreary compared with Wilson. "Covering Heath," complained



HEATH DANCING AT TORY PARTY

NORMAN TAYLOR/REUTERS

the first tip-off that he was on his way to a victory: the smooth Tory machine had turned out a very big vote.

By 6:30 p.m., Heath was smiling broadly and talking with enthusiasm. "That was the moment," a friend recalls. Someone started cautiously laying out half a dozen bottles of champagne. Four hours later, Heath was sitting in the bar of the Crook Log Hotel when television brought him the evening's first return: a 4% swing to the Tories in Guildford. Heath marched happily out of the bar and drove a mile to the town's Territorial Army drill hall, where the votes were being counted. Inside the hall, Bexley's mayor grabbed Heath's hand and pumped it in congratulation:

Said the father: "Good luck. I hope it keeps going on like this."

It did. The Tories gained 75 seats for an overall parliamentary majority of 30. In the new House of Commons, they will have 330 seats v. 287 for the Laborites. Among the Conservative victors was Sir Winston Churchill's 29-year-old grandson and namesake, who won a seat at Stretford, Lancashire, in his second try for public office. Among the Laborite losers was the irrepressible George Brown, deputy party leader and former Foreign Secretary, who lost the Belper constituency he had held for 25 years. Another casualty was the tiny Liberal Party, which lost seven of its 13 seats in Parliament.

The victory was a personal triumph for Edward Richard George Heath, whose working-class background clashes sharply with the traditions of the blue-blood-dominated Conservative Party. The son of a master carpenter, Heath is a rarity among Tory Prime Ministers: a man who is not a product of one of Britain's select public schools. Heath did, however, attend Oxford's Balliol College, on an organ scholarship. Some acquaintances claim that they can still detect a trace of cockney in his acquired upper-class accent. "His vowels betray him," says a fellow Tory, who recalls that some party members would mimic Heath's peculiar accent behind his back.

Amateur Mayfair psychiatrists delight in speculating about the personality of



REUTERS/DAVID WILSON

AT HELM OF RACING DINGHY "BLUE HEATH"



CAMPAIGNING IN SOUTH LONDON

the fear that Wilson, who devalued the pound in 1967, might be forced to do so again.

Events seemed to justify Heath's doom-saying. The four-day national newspaper strike in early June and a slowdown by doctors unsettled the labor scene. More important, the trade figures for May, made public only three days before the election, showed a sharp dip of \$74 million, shaking voters' confidence in Wilson's assurances about the economy's strength.

In the campaign's closing week, the Harris poll showed Labor's winning margin declining from 7% to 2%, but the Gallup and Marplan polls both showed a continued rise in Labor's edge. Only one sampling, which was conducted by the Opinion Research Center poll, predicted a Tory victory—but only by a bare margin of 1%. Heath shrugged off all the surveys, insisting that the Tories would win. "The only poll that counts is the one on June 18," he said.

Call to Dad

On election night, Heath arrived early at the local Tory headquarters in his constituency of Bexley, in Kent. Shortly after 6, he began placing phone calls to Tory election agents around the country. As he sipped his tea and spoke quietly on the phone, some of the half a dozen friends in the room noticed Heath's eyes take on a sudden light. The news from the constituencies was



LONDON DAILY EXPRESS

CONDUCTING CONCERT



ENJOYING A BEACH PARTY AT LE TOUQUET

a 7% swing to the Tories had just been announced. Suddenly Heath's grin—the one his critics have for so long derided as empty—assumed a pronounced confidence.

For the rest of the night and into the wee hours, Heath watched the returns with friends back at Bexley's Tory offices. His election agent produced a bottle of Glenlivet Scotch, and the party perked up. Shortly after 2 a.m., Heath phoned his 81-year-old father in Broadstairs, Kent. The old gentleman, his youngish wife Mary perched on his knee, was already celebrating. "Things seem to be going well," reported the



PRESS ASSOCIATION

BESTOWING A CAMPAIGN KISS



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Britain's New Household Word

I HAVE been heard, heard as no man in this country has been heard in 30 years." When Conservative M.P. Enoch Powell uttered those words two years ago, they seemed less prophetic than boastful. Yet last week, in the aftermath of one of the most stunning political upsets in recent British elections, Powell's words seemed to ring oddly true. In winning his seat in the Midlands town of Wolverhampton, he improved on his own 1966 election total by 22%. More than that, he had given Britain a new household word: Powellism.

Powellism is a combination of racism, archconservative economics, and a touch of prickly isolationism. Its inspiration is against heavy government spending and Common Market membership, and he opposes Britain's retaining any military forces east of Suez. But Powell's main and most popular pitch is a warning about the perils from Britain's growing colored population. He proposes that the "coloreds," who represent 2% of Britain's 55,500,000 people, should be bribed to go back where they came from. Additionally, he suggests barring entry of dependents of immigrants already in the country. He also opposes spending public funds on decaying urban areas inhabited by colored immigrants.

"Race," intoned Powell in a campaign speech, "is billed to play a major, perhaps a decisive part in the battle of Britain." In the campaign's closing week, Powell's racist utterings assumed a major role. Demonstrators shouting "Sieg Heil!" picketed his rallies, and squads of skinheads in braces and "bover"

boots formed guards of honor for him. Undeniably, Powell's message had substantial appeal to blue-collar white Britons, who resent the intrusions of the Pakistani, West Indian, African and Indian immigrants.

However unpalatable Powell's racial views, he at least presents them well. He is not without cultural credentials to do so. By 25 he was a professor of Greek at Australia's University of Sydney; by 27, he was the author of four scholarly books. He speaks eleven languages (including, ironically enough, Urdu, one of the languages of Pakistan). Powell entered politics after World War II, and from the time he first stood for election in 1950 he has never lost. His family life with his wife and their two teenage daughters is characterized by friends



POWELL

unsure of himself at Oxford. He's become even more uptight since he became his party's leader. He doesn't want to get indebted to anyone." One ranking Tory notes that he has never been invited to dine privately with Heath or even to have a drink with him. When friends have pointed out that being a bachelor could impede his political career, Heath has replied: "A man who got married in order to be a better Prime Minister would be neither a good Prime Minister nor a good husband."

Common Market Mission

"In his music," says a man who has watched Heath closely, "Ted experiences the emotional involvement he simply can't get in personal relationships." Heath might have chosen a musical career if he had not gone off to war (he rose to the rank of lieutenant colonel in the army). Although his organ playing has been more publicized, those who have heard him consider his piano playing more accomplished. He contributed toward the organ at Balliol Col-

lege, and still likes to return to play it. Says one acquaintance: "I've seen Ted's eyes glaze when he's talking with even the most attractive woman. The only time he really lights up is when he's conversing with someone bright about music."

In 1950, Heath won a seat in the House of Commons by a mere 133 votes. A few years later, Prime Minister Harold Macmillan chose him as a junior minister and confidant because he felt that Heath knew more than anyone else about the party's affairs in Commons. During Britain's first unsuccessful negotiations to enter the Common Market, Heath led the delegation; later he became President of the Board of Trade, a Cabinet-level post. When Sir Alec Douglas-Home stepped aside as leader of the Opposition after his 1964 loss to Harold Wilson, Heath saw his opportunity. "Ted's camp left nothing to chance," said one Tory. "Everybody was canvassed—everybody. Nothing was left undone. They treated it like a war and they were determined to win." At the

Relations between Heath and Powell are strained. Heath kicked Powell out of his Shadow Cabinet two years ago after Powell predicted in a speech that blood would run in British streets unless colored immigration was curbed. During the campaign, Powell was an obvious embarrassment to Heath, who nonetheless refused to condemn him outright for fear of splitting the party and driving away voters. After the Tory victory, Powell pointedly refused to pay public tribute to Heath. "To win is the best tribute," he snapped.

At least one of Powell's supporters has suggested that he be given a portfolio in the new Cabinet, but during the campaign, Heath steadfastly rejected that idea. Powell's future power may be decided by how well Heath's Tories cope with Britain's problems of racial tension, Common Market negotiations, law and order, and unemployment, which this month reached 2.4%, the highest level for June since 1940. If they fail, Powellism is likely to become an even stronger factor, with which Heath and other British politicians will have to grapple.

the working-class boy who turned himself into the archetype of the perfect Tory gentleman: sleek, immaculately tailored, slightly haughty and terribly self-contained. He is, some Tories claim, simply too good to be true. One acquaintance traces Heath's transformation back to Balliol: "When Ted went to Oxford, it was during the terribly class-conscious Britain of the '30s. He knew at Oxford that if he wanted to get ahead, he'd have to adjust. Ted shucked his working-class accent, clothes and whole life style for that of the upper class. It was a conscious, cynical decision, and I think he regrets it today." Still, Heath never pulled up his roots; he not only kept in close touch with his family but never hesitated to take his new-found political friends down to his home in Kent.

Heath has difficulty in establishing warm and easy human relationships. Even his closest friends acknowledge that he is a distant man. Says one: "He's subordinated absolutely everything except old friendships to his career. He was

party conference in 1965, Heath was chosen leader in order to bolster the Tories' strength against Wilson's Laborites.

As Heath plunged into the task of forming his government, much of Britain and a good part of the outside world celebrated his victory. On the strength of his election, the British stock market made its largest one-day surge on record—a rise of 23.8 on the *Financial Times* index. The value of the pound climbed sharply. Congratulations flooded into No. 10. The Western Europeans were optimistic because they believed that Heath would press harder to bring Britain into the Common Market. The Australians were delighted because he had pledged that he would retain a defense force east of Suez, if only a token battalion or two in Malaysia and

turns with great interest, if only because this is the first national election in which Britain's 18-year-olds have voted. Eighteen- to 24-year-olds, who had never previously voted in a general election, constitute fully 20% of the British electorate. While the 18- to 20-year-olds did not show any perceptible ideological bent, they did indicate a rather massive sense of noninvolvement in the political process. Out of 2.8 million in the under-21 bracket, 1,000,000 did not even bother to register.

Upper Crust

Within 48 hours after his victory, Heath announced the appointment of a 17-member Cabinet that will assume day-to-day control over Britain's affairs of state. For the most part, the men

ly able, Macleod takes on the punishing task of running the economy while seriously handicapped by arthritis. **LORD CHANCELLOR:** Quintin Hogg, 62, who becomes Britain's chief law officer and leader of the House of Lords. A political grandstander and heir to a peerage, Hogg renounced his coronet to run for Commons in 1963, but with his new post has accepted a life peerage. **MINISTER FOR SOCIAL SERVICES:** Sir Keith Joseph, 52, who is a hard-line right-winger of *Powellite laissez-faire* persuasion. Though his specialty is business, he has been switched to this sensitive field, where his declared intention to cut government spending severely will likely make him a controversial figure.

Ted Heath is not the man to charge in and start dismantling the Labor-built welfare state. But his Cabinet appointments indicate an appreciable rightward shift under Tory government: probably revamping of Britain's confiscatory income tax and more indirect taxes, less government participation in industry, some opening of government-owned sectors to private capital, belt-tightening in the social services, tougher attitudes on trade-union reform and law-and-order.

Criteria of Excellence

Heath's immediate foreign policy task will be the negotiations that start next week on Britain's application to join the Common Market. Among his domestic concerns, Heath will face the challenge of healing Britain's race problem while the racist oratory of Enoch Powell echoes in his ears. Some Britons believe that the country's race tension will subside as immigrants become more anglicized and better-educated. Many socialists are convinced, however, that the crisis will gather for the next decade or two as the sons of ill-educated colored immigrants graduate from British schools and start to compete with whites for higher-paying jobs. "The crux of the matter is whether we can provide jobs for those educated under the British system," says Heath. "The present immigrants have jobs now. But their children will expect something very much better than what their fathers have."

Heath betrays no illusions about the greatly diminished influence of his country in the world today, but he is disturbed by the lack of dynamism and sense of purpose in Britain's national life. "We had a similar problem in the '20s and '30s," he says. "It's a question of leadership. Even Winston couldn't change the situation at that time. You must somehow be able to exert a proper influence without the stimulus of crisis. Crises only produce panic." Heath believes that if Britain does not produce more men who are willing to lead the kind of country they live in today, it will pay dearly in lost reputation and self-respect. By avowing that he and his party can inspire such leaders, he has set the criteria by which his own leadership will be judged.



FARMERS PICKETING MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE FOR HIGHER FARM PRICES

The poor, the penniless and the housewives were also angry.

Singapore. The Israelis were happy because they expect stronger support from the Tories, and the white regimes in southern Africa were jubilant because the Tories are committed to making a last try for a peace settlement with the Rhodesian rebels and to selling weapons to the South Africans.

Washington was hopeful that the change of government would restore the close cooperation of the U.S.-British "special relationship." Excited by the developing upset, President Nixon stayed up much of the election night following the returns. Momentarily forgetting the five-hour time difference, he put in a call to Ambassador Walter Annenberg, who was awakened in his London residence at 5:29 a.m. The President was chuckling over the plight of the British pollsters who had called the election wrong. Said Nixon: "Well, Walter, what a surprise!" Annenberg did his groggy best to make sense of the still incomplete election returns, but finally had to terminate the conversation with the apology that he had been up most of the night watching the race before he at last gave in to fatigue.

Political analysts will study the re-

around Heath will be the quintessence of the Tory upper crust—prosperous, gregarious, hard-working and expert. The major appointments:

FOREIGN SECRETARY: Sir Alec Douglas-Home, 66, former Prime Minister and one of the party's grand old men. Sir Alec has remained at the center of Tory policymaking since stepping down from leadership in 1965, and as Foreign Secretary will place heavy emphasis on re-establishing British prestige abroad.

HOME SECRETARY: Reginald Maudling, 53, the Tories' Deputy Leader for the past five years and a merchant banker. A veteran member of Tory Cabinets (former Colonial Secretary and Chancellor of the Exchequer), Maudling came close to beating Heath for party leadership in 1965, but is now his friend. A relaxed, easygoing man, he must cope with two of the toughest domestic problems, law-and-order and race.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER: Iain Macleod, 56, a brainy career politician who has served as Heath's Shadow Chancellor and for the past three years has been head of the Tory task force charged with drafting tax reform. High-

New Dangers in Cambodia

A HEAVY guard of Cambodian soldiers crouched silently by their guns behind half-built sandbag fortifications at Phnom-Penh's Pochentong Airport. Army Jeeps revved noisily through the night, pausing at military checkpoints throughout the city's deserted streets. Then, at the first sign of light, the soldiers picked up work where they had left off the afternoon before: at the airport, around banks and government buildings, and on major street corners, they unrolled coils of American-made barbed wire and stacked up new walls of sandbags. Cambodia's capital was girding for attack.

The three-month-old regime of Premier Lon Nol was faced with the fight of its life. Daily strikes by Viet Cong and North Vietnamese troops throughout the country could no longer be considered just random harassment designed to wear out Cambodia's army. Instead, the Communists seemed to have embarked upon a new all-out strategy designed to strangle Phnom-Penh. Diplomats in Cambodia speculated that the Communists had decided to try to overthrow the Lon Nol government as quickly as possible—probably within six months.

Serious Setback. If that was indeed the Communist strategy, the tactic clearly was to cut off Phnom-Penh from outside sources of supplies and military aid. Last week the city was at times completely isolated on the ground, with all major highways and railroads closed down by Communist troops and blockades. The train route to Bangkok was severed when Communist troops halted

two trains, one a heavily loaded freight, the other carrying passengers. They carried off 200 tons of rice, forcing the passengers to act as porters, then destroyed both locomotives with B-40 rocket blasts. That line also runs through the provincial capital of Battambang, where most of Cambodia's rice reserves are stored in warehouses. Heavy fighting was reported at Tontebet and Kompong Thom, two northern cities that have been under frequent attack for weeks.

Untenable Position. To the southeast and southwest, other raids cut off Phnom-Penh from Kompong Som (formerly Sihanoukville), the country's only deep-water seaport and site of its sole oil refinery. As a result, the capital was down to about two weeks' supply of fuel. Another serious setback was the temporary severing of Route 1, which runs between Phnom-Penh and Saigon and is thus one lifeline to Cambodia's most likely source of quick military help. The only other surface route, the Mekong River, was still open, though ships were subject to scattered attacks from the river's banks.

South Vietnamese units, which are charged with guarding Route 1, together with Cambodian troops, managed periodically to pry open enemy roadblocks on some of the routes. But the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese troops, using their familiar hit-and-run tactics, often closed them down again a few miles away. Most residents of Phnom-Penh unconcernedly continue their daily lives at the normal slow and smiling pace. They are intrigued by all the



newly visible artifacts of war, and many have taken to wearing pieces of military gear—anything from Red Chinese garrison caps to American cartridge belts—but are almost wholly unprepared for real trouble. That could change rapidly. "If the Viet Cong keep it up," says one East bloc observer in Phnom-Penh, "they won't have to take the city. The Cambodians will be only too happy to give it to them."

The Communists' threat to Cambodia's present government presents a dilemma for almost everyone involved in the Indochina war. South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu has said that a Communist regime in neighboring Phnom-Penh would be "intolerable." The anti-Communist government of Thailand would be scarcely less horrified by such a prospect. When Richard Nixon ordered U.S. troops into the border sanctuaries in eastern Cambodia on April 30, he warned that the Communist occupation of all Cambodia "would mean that South Viet Nam was completely outflanked and the forces of Americans in this area as well as the South Vietnamese would be in an untenable position." But when U.S. forces withdraw from Cambodia next week, the situation Nixon sought to prevent will be closer than ever to reality.

Reign of Chaos. The Communists can choose between two basic methods to carry out their strategy. One is to continue their stranglehold on the capital's sources of food and outside supplies, hoping that the regime will cave in from chaos and panic. The other is to attack Phnom-Penh directly, either to occupy it permanently or to force its destruction by provoking South Vietnamese bombing raids or other counterattacks. Either result, says a Western diplomat in Phnom-Penh, would be a



CAMBODIAN TROOPS IN KOMPONG SPEU FOLLOWING RECAPTURE
Strategy of strangulation.

double victory for the Communists. His reasoning: "The Communists think they will prove that the sanctuary operations were a failure—that they still have the capability to mount a major offensive, and that by entering Cambodia, the U.S. and South Viet Nam have only condemned the country."

In purely military terms, that may be too gloomy an assessment. For one thing, no show of Communist strength in Cambodia can gainsay the enormous hauls of Viet Cong and North Vietnamese weapons and other supplies that allied troops have uncovered in the sanctuary areas. Moreover, while U.S. troops will be coming out of Cambodia, the South Vietnamese are firmly determined to keep the sanctuaries free of Communist troops and supplies no matter who is in power in Phnom-Penh. As long as they succeed, U.S. military advisers seem unworried over Cambodia's eventual fate.

There is deep concern, however, in other quarters. If all or most of Cambodia falls to the Communists, both world and U.S. opinion will be haunted by questions: Was this fall necessary? Did the U.S. incursions loose Communist troops on a small, ill-prepared nation? It can be argued that without U.S. intervention, the weak Lon Nol regime would have had even less chance against the Communists, who were already in Cambodia in force. But there is little doubt that the U.S. incursion forced Communist units over a far wider area than they had ever occupied before. If Cambodia should fall, President Nixon's speech announcing the sanctuary operation as a "swift, surgical strike" would seem vastly overstated, and his verdict calling it "the most successful operation of this long and difficult war" far too hasty.

Other Agonies. The alternative to abandoning Cambodia—providing aid for Lon Nol's hard-pressed, largely untrained army—presents agonies of another sort. Nixon has flatly ruled out sending in American troops. Last week Thailand's Premier Thanom Kittikachorn paid a visit to Saigon, evidently to discuss moving some of his troops now stationed in South Viet Nam to Cambodia. The Administration is also negotiating with Bangkok over the possibility of placing home-based Thai army units in Cambodia at American expense. But the White House is plainly worried that Congress might outlaw the use of funds for that purpose. The Pentagon has prepared a contingency plan for an emergency airlift from Saigon to Phnom-Penh if the Cambodian capital should become completely sealed off on the ground. The U.S. has also shipped some \$7.9 million worth of arms to Cambodia and will undoubtedly send in more.

But none of these measures could blunt a full-force Communist attack. Cambodia's only real hope for military help rests on South Viet Nam. A spokesman in President Thieu's office has promised that "we can get a regiment

into Phnom-Penh in six hours, and if it is attacked, we will be there to help defend it." But Thieu, who last week was planning a major new campaign against Communist units in South Viet Nam's Mekong Delta, has his own military problems. If South Viet Nam should be drawn into an endless conflict in Cambodia, the course of Vietnamization, and thus of U.S. withdrawal, would almost certainly suffer a slowdown.

The U.S. move into Cambodia was designed to end a longstanding and troublesome pattern—the Communists' ability to strike at South Viet Nam from unchallenged sanctuaries. The goal has been at least partially accomplished. But in the process, Nixon has triggered a series of secondary explosions that may well exceed the original danger.



ARAFAT



HABASH



HUSSEIN

The specter of Arab against Arab.

MIDDLE EAST Shoring Up a Shaky Calm

The Nixon Administration has decided to sell more airplanes to Israel. Technically, the decision could have been announced last week. But Washington held off for fear that the plane sales would spawn a new outburst of anti-American violence and could lead to new fighting in Jordan between the fedayeen and King Hussein's army. Nonetheless, this week, before his Sunday departure on a twelve-day tour of the Far East, Secretary of State Rogers is expected to announce that Washington has reviewed the request in the light of shifting factors and has now decided to accede to at least part of it.

Israel will certainly not get all 125 planes. In fact, no specific number of jets will be mentioned in Rogers' statement. Rather, the U.S. will indicate readiness to provide a continuing supply to replace planes shot down over the Suez Canal area, where Israelis and Egyptians have been fighting bitter battles for 15 months. No planes will be replaced if they are shot down deep over Egypt. At the same time that Washington an-

nounces these limited jet sales, the U.S. will press both Israel and the Arab states to move toward compromises that might lead the way to a genuine Middle East peace.

Virulent Reactions. The change of mind on Washington's part is due mainly to a major change in the Middle East since Israel originally made its request nine months ago. By installing Soviet missiles in Egypt and stationing Russian pilots there in combat readiness, Moscow mounted a challenge that the U.S. was forced to meet. The announcement of additional U.S. planes to Israel is certain to set off virulent anti-American demonstrations throughout the Arab states. One American was killed, another kidnapped and 34 more held hostage by guerrillas two weeks

ago in the course of clashes between Arab fedayeen and Jordanian troops. The reaction to U.S. jet sales to Israel—particularly since Israeli Phantoms on two occasions have been responsible for heavy civilian casualties in Egypt—could be much worse.

Washington was loath to disturb the shaky calm that has settled over Jordan since the fighting in Amman ended. King Hussein survived an assassination attempt and the street battles that killed an estimated 250 people. But the conflict was the third such hostile episode between King and fedayeen, and Hussein's power has been sapped by each confrontation.

Armed guerrillas roam at will throughout Jordan. The guerrillas act as their own police, and Jordanian police are powerless to do anything but go along with them. Hussein, in a post-battle press conference last week in the royal cinema of his Basman Palace in Amman, vowed that he would not abdicate. "I am not the type of person who can quit," he said. "This nation is part of me and I am part of it." But the King rules at the pleasure of the fedayeen, and his throne rests on the will



Is nothing sacred?

Here we've been slaving away for 25 years, improving the Volkswagen's insides, and letting the outside take care of itself.

It's become a classic in its own time.

And now—boom! People are trying to show us how it ought to be done.

"Why?" we asked.

"So it'll look as good as it really is." O.K. Maybe they've got a point.

The VW is an amazingly advanced car. The engine is a little precision masterpiece, carved out of aluminum-magnesium alloy.

It sits in back, over the drive wheels. The traction is unbelievable.

The engine is air-cooled. You never think about water or antifreeze.

Oil? Hardly any ever. Gas? About 26 miles per gallon of regular.

Its suspension is like a sports car's, its finish like a limousine's.

Almost anywhere you go in the world, a VW has been before.

Its funny shape has become the international symbol of quality and reliability.

"Never change it," people beg us.

And now we beg the same of you.



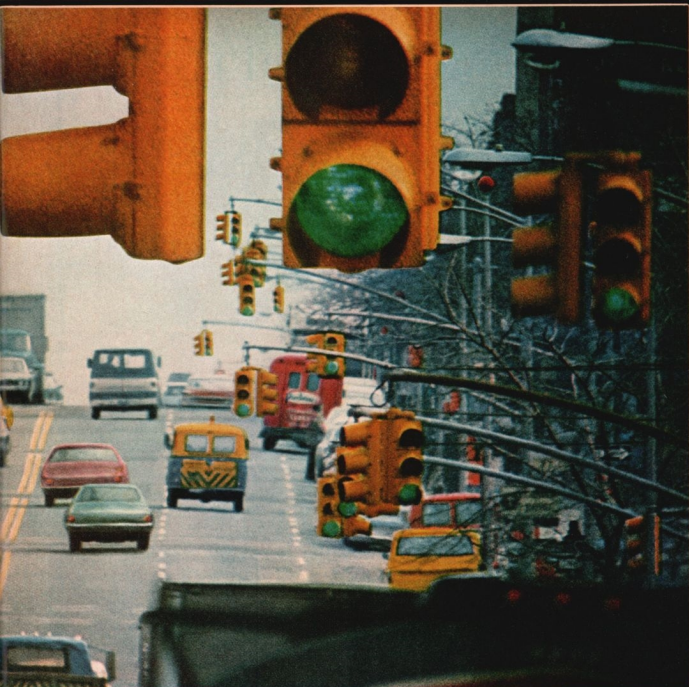


John Babyak at the Traffic Center "situation board," which reflects the status of every traffic light under computer control.



Giving New York drivers the green light where traffic once crawled.

Every morning New York City must digest a breakfast of three million cars, trucks and buses. But on five main arteries, drivers now average one quarter as many stops. John Babyak's story is another example of how IBM, its people or products often play a part in tackling today's problems.



Computerized signal lights keep traffic moving along Northern Boulevard. (Telephoto view shows a six-block section of the Boulevard.)

"Just over a year ago," relates IBM's John Babyak, "a Traffic Department study showed it took 45 to 50 minutes to travel eleven miles of Northern Boulevard in the morning rush hour.

"Along the way, you'd average 23 stops.

"Today, the figures show you can make the trip in 25 to 30 minutes, and average just 7 stops."

The difference is New York's new computerized traffic system which began on Northern Boulevard, in the borough of Queens, and has since been extended to four other main arteries there.

John Babyak, the IBM Systems Engineer assigned to the project, has been working on the application of computers to traffic problems for about ten years.

"In late 1968," says Mr. Babyak, "the City embarked on a program with IBM to develop a system for

Queens. By May 1969 we were officially in operation.

"Right now, the system controls over three hundred intersections along thirty-five miles of the busiest roads in the New York area. Overhead sensors provide continuous traffic flow data to the computer. The system then responds to changing traffic patterns.

"These roads carry 130,000 cars a day.

"The Department estimates it has saved drivers up to fourteen hours a month in travel time.

"What's more, traffic engineers point to the fact that fewer stops mean fewer accidents. Especially the rear-end variety.

"As it now stands, the Queens installation is already the largest computerized traffic control system in the country.

"Even so, it's just a beginning."

IBM

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



RICK GRIGG

HOME: La Jolla, California

AGE: 32

PROFESSION: Marine Ecologist.

HOBBIES: Surfing champion, scuba diving, photography, writing.

LAST BOOK READ: "Famine—1975."

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Ph. D. thesis on the population dynamics of marine organisms.

QUOTE: "People don't think you can pollute oceans because they're so big. Well, the sky was big too. Oceans will be used more and more for food and I want to make sure they're used carefully. They're the last unspoiled resource we have."

PROFILE: Committed. Impatient. A realist, determined to apply his knowledge to today's problems.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label."



Dewar's never varies

Certain fine whiskies from the hills and glens of Scotland are blended into every drop of Dewar's "White Label."

Before blending, every one of these selected whiskies is rested and matured in its own snug vat.

Then, one by one, they're brought together by the skilled hand of the master blender of Perth.

of Fedayeen Leader Yasser Arafat as much as anything.

Arafat's price for propping up the King was the dismissal of Hussein's uncle, Major General Sherif Nasser Ben Jamil, as commander in chief of the Jordanian army, and his cousin, Brigadier General Sherif Zeid Ben Shaker, as head of the 3rd Armored Division, which guards Amman and is anti-fedayeen. Hussein acceded to the demands, but he has so far not given in to an ultimatum that the two men must leave the country. At his press conference, the King professed his loyalty to both. As long as they remain in Amman, the threat of a fourth round of fighting is real.

Arafat, in trying to cool the situation in Jordan, must deal not only with Hussein but with a splintering guerrilla movement as well. His own Al-Fatah, with 40,000 men, is still the dominant fedayeen organization. Fatah's aim is the dissolution of a Zionist Israel and the establishment of a multiracial Palestinian state. Lately, however, Arafat has had to deal with guerrillas more militant and Marxist than he; they not only want to recover Palestine but also intend to reform Arab society. The most outspoken of these is George Habash, 44, a physician who heads the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine. The P.F.L.P. seeks to pressure the U.S. to back away from Israel or suffer economically: P.F.L.P. guerrillas have already hijacked a TWA jetliner to Damascus and blown up the Tapline through which U.S. oil companies move Saudi Arabian oil to the Mediterranean. Most significant, it was Habash's guerrillas who provoked the recent battles with the army in Amman and who took the American hostages.

Tripoli Summit. Arafat, as elected leader of the guerrillas' central committee and head of a provisional Palestinian parliament in exile, sits as an equal with Hussein, Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser and other heads of government of the 14-nation Arab League. His guerrilla movement has received unstinting praise from socialist leaders like Nasser and Libya's Muammar Gaddafi and ample funds from conservative rulers in Saudi Arabia and Kuwait. But the radical guerrillas are something else. They raise the specter of Arab fighting Arab rather than Israel. With the Jordanian events as a leading item on the agenda, Gaddafi last week welcomed other leaders to an impromptu Arab summit in Tripoli. Although some invitations went out scarcely a day before the conferences began, six government leaders came. Among them was Hussein, who felt secure enough to travel.

Another item on the Tripoli agenda was peace, or at least cease-fire. Nasser, who was there, was recently interviewed for U.S. television by Harvard Law Professor Roger Fisher. In the interview, aired last week, the Egyptian President proposed terms for a cease-fire. If Israel would agree to withdrawal from territories occupied in the

1967 war, he said, Egypt would agree to a six-month cease-fire to carry out the withdrawal. Israel would also have to restore "Palestinian rights"—complying with the U.N. November 1967 resolution on the Middle East—meaning presumably that it would repatriate or compensate a million or more Arab refugees. In return, Nasser said, Egypt was prepared to accept the existence of Israel and its borders as they were before the Six-Day War. From Nasser, this was a new and intriguing offer.

Nasser has often before made conciliatory sounds in interviews with Westerners while continuing to say something quite different to his own people. Israel has usually reacted to Nasser's proposals with hawkish outrage. This time, how-

RUSSIA

Communist Kinseys

The Soviet Union almost never swings, especially as far as sex is concerned. Scoffing at sexy Western-style romance as a symbol of capitalist decadence, the Communists have imposed an almost Victorian prudery upon the country. Prostitution and pornography are outlawed. Soviet films and television usually portray love in terms of hand-holding affection, and foreign sex flicks are forbidden. There are no beauty contests, no pinup girls, no men's magazines. Sex education is almost entirely limited to a single injunction: don't.

Comes the revelation. For the first time since the 1920s, Russia has pro-

TASS—GOREFID



SOMETHING NEW IN SOVIET WEDDINGS*
Dumping the dual.

ever, it matched Nasser's pliancy with reduced intransigence. One Foreign Ministry official in Jerusalem suggested that the time had come for "constructive ambiguity." Israel heretofore has insisted that negotiations be hammered out in face-to-face meetings, but in this instance the government would be willing to be ambiguous. For domestic political reasons, Israel cannot discuss "withdrawal" from occupied territories, but it would be willing to dicker about "redemption." In Rome, on an official visit last week, Foreign Minister Abba Eban told newsmen that Israeli policy calls for the non-acquisition of occupied territories, but for just and secure borders. Sighed one State Department man when he heard the comment: "Now if we could only get Golda-baby to say the same thing and make it official." But the somewhat conciliatory attitude was likely to be swept away, at least for a while, in the storm of Arab protests that are virtually certain to be set off by the announcement on the plane sales to Israel.

duced a sociological study on sexual habits and deportment. Entitled "Youth and Marriage," the report was researched by two Leningrad social scientists, A.G. Kharchev and S.I. Golod, who may well become the Communist Kinseys. From their project emerges a plea for a more rational and open treatment of sex in Soviet society.

The two sociologists based their recommendations on a survey of 620 young men and women in Leningrad. Their findings showed that younger Soviet citizens are considerably more relaxed about sex than the older generation. For example, among students 53% of the males and 38% of the females said that they condoned premarital sex. Attitudes were even more liberal among young graduates who were already earning their own living: 81% of the women felt that premarital relations were in

* Bride and groom, members of a winter swimming club, have just sealed their troth with a January dip in Leningrad's icy Neva as Father Frost looks on.

order—as long as the girl was in love.

More than half the women reported having had premarital sexual relations before they were 21. Nearly half the men had between 16 and 18. And for the Russians who did not make the statistics? Nearly half of the men said it was purely for "lack of occasion," a reflection of Russia's severe housing shortage, which affords lovers little opportunity to be alone indoors.

Kharchev and Golod called for revamping "socialist morality" from its present double standard of one code for men and another for women to a realistic new code that would grant both sexes equal freedom and responsibility. They singled out for criticism a recent Soviet film in which the man roughs up his fiancée after he discovers that she is not a virgin. It was none of his business, contend Kharchev and Golod. They recommend that "women should have the right to have premarital and extramarital sex life."

Kharchev and Golod hope that Russia can remedy its rampant divorce rate by adjusting the moral code to the realities of human behavior. Since divorce procedures were simplified in 1965 and again in 1968, the yearly number of dissolved marriages has sharply increased; it doubled in 1969, to about 600,000. The two sociologists place much of the blame on Soviet educators, who still refuse to deal candidly with sex information in the schools. "This is a difficult and sophisticated matter," Kharchev and Golod wrote, "which demands, in a number of cases, education and re-education of educators themselves. To put this matter off or to ignore it would be to jeopardize too much because socialism and Communism are first people, and people originate in marriage and family."

Protesting Spiritual Murder

The incarceration of free-thinking, healthy people in madhouses is spiritual murder. It is a variant of the gas chamber, but it is an even more cruel variation, for the tortures of those being held are more vicious and prolonged.

With those words, Alexander Solzhenitsyn, Russia's greatest living novelist, last week lashed out at what has become perhaps the most sinister aspect of the current Soviet crackdown on internal dissent: the confinement of dissidents in mental institutions on the grounds that they are mentally unbalanced. Said Solzhenitsyn in his protest statement, which was circulated to Western newsmen in Moscow: "If this were only the first case! But it has become a fashion, a devious method of reprisal without determining guilt when the real cause is too shameful to be stated."

Solzhenitsyn's protest was prompted by the case of Dr. Zhores Medvedev, a prominent Soviet geneticist who last month was locked up in a mental institution. Nine months ago Medvedev lost his job as head of a radiological in-

stitute in Obninsk. Reason: the publication in the West of a book, in which he charged that Stalin's pet scientist, Trofim Lysenko, had thwarted the advancement of Soviet biological research. Medvedev attacked Lysenko for distorting facts for political reasons, and for imposing "demagoguery and intimidation" on Soviet science, leading to "scientific bankruptcy." In line with Communist ideology, Lysenko taught that environmental surroundings have greater significance in the development of an organism than heredity. In addition, Medvedev has criticized Soviet mail censorship, travel restrictions and the lack of free exchange of scientific

COURTESY COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS



DR. ZHORES MEDVEDEV

also protested Medvedev's imprisonment.

Their concern was well founded. Former Major General Pyotr Grigorenko, a Russian political dissident who is currently reported being held in a mental institution in Tashkent, managed to send out notes that his wife has made public. "They decided to break me immediately," he wrote. "They put me into a straitjacket, beat me and choked me." When he went on a hunger strike, the attendants brutally inserted an expander into his mouth. Scribbled Grigorenko, "Force-feeding every day. I resist as much as I can. They beat me and choke me again. They twist my hands, hit my crippled leg." Earlier this



ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN

No longer bouncing back like peas off a wall.

ideas with the West. Wrote Solzhenitsyn: "It is precisely his sensitivity to injustice and to stupidity that are made to seem a sick deviation—poor adjustment to the social milieu. If you do not think as you are supposed to think, that means you are insane! And well-adjusted people? They should all think alike."

Chalked Appeal. Other outstanding Russian scientists and intellectuals shared Solzhenitsyn's outrage. The day after Medvedev's incarceration four well-known Russian scientists—Andrei Sakharov, Pyotr Kapitsa, Vladimir Engelgardt and Boris Astaurov—sent protest telegrams to the mental institution. In front of a classroom of students, Sakharov, the author of a brilliant essay on the inevitability of the convergence of American and Russian systems, who lectures at the Lebedev Institute of Physics in Moscow, chalked on the blackboard a plea for signatures on a protest petition. Other intellectuals, including Alexander Tvardovsky, the ousted editor of *Novy Mir*, Roy Medvedev, Zhores' twin brother, and Igor Tamm, Nobel-prizewinning physicist,

month, Vladimir Bukovsky, a writer who spent 23 years in a mental institution, declared that drugs are used to keep patients in line. According to Bukovsky, a Soviet drug called Sulfazin, which induces fever and temperature, is administered as a punishment, while one called Aminazin, which causes stomach cramps as a side effect, is given to bring about a state of torpor. Soviet intellectuals estimate that some 250 Soviet citizens are being held in Russian asylums purely for political reasons.

Doubtful Tactics. In the past, protests against the incarceration of dissidents have, in Solzhenitsyn's words, "bounced back like peas off a wall." But this time the authorities seemed to take some heed of the remonstrances. In a surprise move, Soviet authorities last week told Medvedev that he was free to go home. His release, however, was only a temporary reprieve, for he was warned that he might be recalled at any time for further observation.

How can Solzhenitsyn get away with his brave and outspoken protest? Dissenters in Russia today walk a highly precarious line. Solzhenitsyn, who served

eight years in Stalinist labor camps, was summarily dismissed from the Soviet Writers' Union only last year. More recently, it has been rumored that his persistent protests might cause the state to declare him, too, mentally unbalanced, thus inflicting on him the very punishment he denounced. His latest protest may be a straightforward act of great courage, in disregard of consequences. But it may also be a last-ditch effort at self-preservation since, in view of the worldwide attention drawn by Solzhenitsyn's outcry, Russia's rulers might hesitate to move against him. To what extent such tactics might work is doubtful, as is suggested by the case of

ZENTRALBLIC



ULBRICHT

the time, Ulbricht now said that he favored U.N. membership for both countries and the exchange of ambassadors at the ministerial level even before an agreement is reached on recognition.

There was some speculation that Ulbricht may have intended to extend a helping hand to his old antagonist, though such a move would be very much out of character. Only two days before, about 43% of West Germany's eligible voters had gone to the polls in three state elections. Though only state offices were at stake, the nationwide debate over *Ostpolitik* had turned the election into a plebiscite on Brandt's policies of seeking closer relations with

STERN MAGAZINE



BRANDT

Dropping the preconditions.

the brilliant young author Andrei Amalric. He was allowed to protest publicly for so long that some intellectuals actually suspected that he was a KGB agent. Last May he was imprisoned.

WEST GERMANY

Message from Ulbricht

Ever since West German Chancellor Willy Brandt launched his celebrated *Ostpolitik* eight months ago, he has met vitriolic resistance from the East Germans. No agreement for better relations between the two halves of Germany could be reached, they stubbornly declared, until Bonn grants full diplomatic recognition to East Germany. But last week, in a sudden turnaround, East German Party Boss Walter Ulbricht dropped his old preconditions. In a speech published in *Neues Deutschland*, the official newspaper of the East German Communist Party, Ulbricht in effect accepted two of the points proposed by Brandt at last month's summit meeting in Kassel with East German Premier Willi Stoph. Though Brandt's suggestions had been brusquely rejected at

the Communist bloc, especially East Germany and Russia, hence promoting greater economic ties.

Visit to Moscow. The outcome was a standoff between the Christian Democrats, who oppose the *Ostpolitik*, and Brandt's Social Democrats. A big loss was suffered by the rightist National Democrats. But an even more severe setback was experienced by the Free Democrat Party, a loosely knit combination of conservatives and far-left liberals whose 30 Bundestag delegates give Brandt's coalition a thin twelve-seat majority in the 496-seat West German parliament. In two of the three states, the Free Democrats failed to gain the 5% of the vote required to be seated. The plight of the Free Democrats threatened to undermine Brandt's slender hold on power. Some Christian Democrats were even threatening to try to bring down the government. Under the circumstances, Ulbricht may have reckoned that some sign of progress on the diplomatic front would strengthen Brandt's position.

Ulbricht may well have received advice or pressure from the Soviets, who are in the process of negotiating a

renunciation-of-force agreement with West Germany. When Ulbricht was recently in Moscow, he is believed to have been shown the draft of the treaty, which the Russians hope will bring increased West German trade and technical assistance. The Soviets do not want Ulbricht to jeopardize their own relations with Bonn through his confirmed refusal to come to an understanding with the West Germans. Having assessed the Soviet determination to do business with Bonn, Ulbricht may have concluded that he must either moderate his hard-line attitude toward Brandt or face the possibility of being left out of the Socialist-bloc trend to establish better relations with West Germany.

Overloaded Circuits

For years, the security shield that protects the top-secret information of the West German government has had the reputation of being as full of holes as a slab of Tilsit. In fact, classified documents are so readily available in Bonn these days that a good spy need only read the daily papers. Two weeks ago, entire sections of the highly classified draft treaty between West Germany and the Soviet Union were printed in the *Bildzeitung*, a sheet whose ordinary pre-occupations range from sex to crime.

The Bonn government was furious, but hardly surprised. Last March, after police arrested a matronly secretary who worked in the Science Ministry, rumors circulated in Bonn that East German Party Boss Walter Ulbricht regularly saw the minutes of Chancellor Willy Brandt's Cabinet meetings on the same day the meetings were held. On the other hand, as a common saying puts it, "In Bonn, secrets are kept only from those who should know." Last April, the chief of Bonn's trade mission in Warsaw spoke openly about Brandt's private letter to Poland's Party Chief Wladyslaw Gomulka because he had not been told that the letter was supposed to be secret.

German officials complain that the problem is aggravated by the fact that allied embassies in Bonn—whose own security is not above suspicion—have access to a wide assortment of German documents. Novelist John le Carré, who served in the British embassy in 1962-64, drew upon his knowledge of Bonn's spies and intrigues to write *A Small Town in Germany*. But clearly the leading factor is the huge number of spies lured by an availability of secrets there and ease of access from East to West Germany. The Interior Ministry recently offered amnesty to an estimated 16,000 Communist agents believed to be operating in West Germany and West Berlin if they would only cease operations. The large number of agents may help explain why the East Germans recently approved an increase in the number of Telex lines between the two Germanys from 19 to 35. Could it be that with all those secrets flowing to East Germany, existing lines were overloaded?

Indonesia: Goodbye to Bapak

IN death as in life, Sukarno was a problem. As Indonesia's deposed President last week succumbed at 69 after a long bout with kidney stones and high blood pressure, Djakarta's new leaders pondered the questions of how much to mourn him and how much to memorialize him. Indeed, many Indonesians were in a quandary over their *bapak* (father). Some felt that they should pay homage to him as the founding father who proclaimed Indonesia's independence in 1945 and spawned a sense of national identity. Others were prepared to damn him as the profligate who led his country to the brink of economic ruin and tried to hand it to the Communists in 1965.

In any case, Sukarno's heyday in the '50s and early '60s marked him as one of the most colorful figures of the century. He hobnobbed with Nehru and Nasser, lectured the West, won a mixed renown for nonalignment among developing nations and overalignment with well-developed women.

Premier Playboy. The son of a poor Javanese schoolteacher and a lovely Balinese dancer, young Sukarno was a standout from his childhood days near Surabaya; his desire to be the dominant figure in every gathering from tree climbing to stamp collecting, led to the nickname *djago* (rooster). Later, he earned a degree and turned to the budding independence movement. His ringing rhetoric so worried his country's Dutch rulers that they jailed him for two years and exiled him for another eight. He escaped early in World War II and collaborated with the Japanese in hopes of securing Indonesia's freedom. Finally, in August 1945, he seized on the Japanese defeat and Dutch weak-

ness to declare independence. Thus began the long misrule of the man who once boasted of love for his country, his people, women and the arts, but added, "most of all, I love myself."

For two decades, Sukarno led his potentially rich country toward economic collapse while whimsically indulging his egotism and appetites. Women flocked around the East's premier playboy; at least six married him. He affected fancy uniforms and such titles as "Great Leader of the Revolution." Priceless *objets d'art* filled his sumptuous palaces. Skyscrapers and ornate monuments rose in otherwise seamy Djakarta—many of them later to stand starkly uncompleted for lack of funds.

Sukarno paid no heed to economic realities. He launched his Soviet-aided army on the wasteful *konfrontasi* against Malaysia, while pursuing a domestic course of high living and useless prestige. The result was \$2.4 billion in foreign debts and the postwar world's worst inflation. The erstwhile "President for Life" viewed himself as a dedicated revolutionary and nationalist. But his flaming oratory and grandiose promises never produced a better life for his countrymen, nor any voice for them in his "guided democracy." Meaningless slogans and acronyms echoed in the void. Sukarno's big movement on the world stage was the 1955 Bandung Conference of Nonaligned Nations, after which he moved with aplomb in Washington, Moscow or Peking. He spouted Lincoln as easily as Lenin.

As Indonesia's national hero and one of the world's most durable politicians, Sukarno indeed seemed headed for lifelong rule. He was so revered, after all,

that some countrymen drank his bottled bath water in hopes of inheriting a measure of his supposed supernatural powers. But Sukarno's suspected complicity in the 1965 Communist plot proved his political mortality. The ailing *Bung* (brother) was believed to favor a Communist succession after his death. Indonesia had become a virtual Peking satellite. The army quickly smashed the bungled coup attempt and touched off a bloodbath that took 400,000 lives. The powerful *Partai Komunis Indonesia* was practically wiped out, costing Sukarno his longtime counterbalance to the army.

Lonely Man. The generals, having crushed the coup, next removed Sukarno from power, replacing him with General Suharto. They moved slowly because of Sukarno's mass popularity; not until two years after their takeover did they abolish his titles and name Suharto president.

Lonely and pathetic, kept away from his sole remaining wife, Hartini, Sukarno spent his last two years under house arrest in the Djakarta villa he built for his fetching Japanese ex-wife, Ratna Sari Dewi, a 29-year-old former Tokyo nightclub hostess. Dewi, who now lives in Paris, was pregnant when she left Sukarno shortly before his ouster and has since been barred from re-entering Indonesia. However, when Sukarno called out her name on his deathbed, Dewi and her daughter were given permission to fly to Djakarta.

Sukarno wished to be buried among the rolling green hills of Java, with only these words on a plain stone marker: "Here lies Bung Karno, the mouthpiece of the Indonesian people." It is an eloquent but simple epitaph for a complex man who spent more time voicing his people's aspirations than in trying to achieve them.

SUKARNO & WIFE FATMAWATI (1949)



WITH EISENHOWERS (1956)



TOASTING NASSER & NEHRU (1960)



CLOWNING WITH KHRUSHCHEV (1960)



GREETED BY KENNEDY (1961)

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ST REGIS



1690 the first paper mill in America built by William Rittenhouse.



1704 the first regularly published newspaper in America appears.



1868 Ottmar Mergenthaler of Baltimore invents the Linotype.



1914 the other tree shown here is planted.

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shown approximately one-fourth typical size.

PEOPLE

Never a man to hide the sharp edge of his tongue, Admiral Hyman G. Rickover found biblical inspiration for his own thoughts about Washington's biggest bureaucracy. Appearing before a House subcommittee, Rickover quoted *Hebrews 13: 8* as an apt description of the Pentagon: "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever."

One of the many women in Pablo Picasso's life has found another man. Next month in Paris, Françoise Gilot, 48, for eleven years the artist's mistress and mother of two of his four children, will marry Dr. Jonas Salk, 55, compounder of the polio vaccine that bears his name. The couple met a year ago in La Jolla, Calif., introduced by a Salk Institute executive whose wife is a longtime friend of Françoise. Those closest to them were reluctant to comment on the impending union. Explained Claude Ruiz-Picasso, 23, Françoise's son by the artist: "I hope you can understand if I don't say anything." Then he added that they are "fit for each other."

Arlo Guthrie's song may go on forever, but Alice is out of the restaurant business for keeps. In Stockbridge, Mass., where Guthrie first sampled Mrs. Alice Brock's cuisine and then set it to music, the manager of the Music Inn, who had hired Alice as cook for the summer, bowed to public pressure and decided to get another cook. Apparently the townsfolk felt that all her publicity

would "bring in a lot of undesirable people." Added Alice sadly: "I really had no choice but to quit." Having cooked her last public meal, she retired to the anonymity of her Stockbridge vegetable garden.

Some old judges never die; they just climb another bench. This week, three years after his retirement from the U.S. Supreme Court, former Justice Tom Clark, 70, will begin banging a gavel in a lower court—as a federal district judge in San Francisco.

Bardot in a nun's habit? Isn't that nearly as silly as obscuring Sophia Loren's dramatic qualifications in a movie featuring her, say, as a long-distance run-

PICTORIAL PARADE



BRIGITTE BARDOT
Challenge to habit.

ner in a sweat suit? Nonetheless, the French actress, still as curvy as ever at 35, said that she felt challenged by her latest casting in a film *Les Novices*, to be released in November. Besides covering the Bardot configuration, the role also requires her to play a woman who is terrified of men.

In from Paris last week flew Georges Carpentier, 76, to honor the 75th birthday of Jack Dempsey, who protected his heavyweight boxing title against the Frenchman nearly 50 years ago. At 157 some 10 lbs. trimmer than when Dempsey floored him with a left hook, Carpentier manfully swallowed a lunch at Dempsey's Manhattan restaurant, sparred playfully for photographers, chided his old adversary's new paunch and rethought that ancient fight: "Jack followed me like a mosquito. He never let me do what I wanted to do."



JACKIE ONASSIS
Draped in connubial bliss.

A rift between Ari and Jackie? Not so, rumbled Aristotle Onassis, though European newspapers have had a heyday speculating about a breakup. Then, with his wife of 20 months, Ari left for a holiday on his island of Skorpios, where a photographer with a telephoto lens snapped some unusual pictures that appear in this week's LIFE. Obviously at her ease, Jackie solicitously treats Ari's cut foot, cavorts in the water and walks about draped in a smile of connubial bliss—and little else.

"She was my friend," goes the song, one in a new album released this week. "I thought her motives were sincere/ Ah but this lass/ Had a dark and different plan/ She admired my own sweet man/ Beware of young girls." A sad song indeed, and even more poignant considering the composer: Dory Previn, 41, wife of Composer André Previn, 41, who left her last year to take up with Mia Farrow, 25, the mother of André's four-month-old twins.

"We're knee-deep in Georges," said White House Curator Clement Conger, explaining why a portrait of Mamie Eisenhower replaced one of George Washington in a prominent position outside the White House's State Dining Room. The shift, ordered by Pat Nixon, was appropriate: Mamie now smiles at the J. Anthony Wills portrait of Ike, which hangs at the other end of the great hall. As for the dispossessed George, he descended to the newly decorated ground-floor cloakroom.



ALICE BROCK
Out of the business.



VAN CLIBURN AT 24



UPDIKE AT 27

Coolness Was All And We Detested The Phony

TIME ESSAY

Gertrude Stein notwithstanding, there has been only one truly "lost generation" this century. That is the generation of the 1950s: the American men and women, now in their 30s, who graduated from college in the Eisenhower era—the so-called "Silent Generation." A member of that age group, TIME Associate Editor Gerald Clarke, 32, reflects on the collective experience of his contemporaries:

To be in your 30s is, by popular definition, to be in the middle—the middle of your career, the middle of your marriage, the middle of your life. Medicine has not yet been able to nudge upward the biblical allotment of threescore years and ten, and we are already halfway there. But we are in the middle in another sense as well. We stand between the two angry lines of what has become a war of the generations. The middle in any war is seldom safe ground, but when we look at today's angry, frustrated youth and their equally angry, frustrated parents, the middle—what Journalist Renata Adler, 31, calls the "radical middle"—is where we would elect to be.

It is in fact where we have always been. The term Silent Generation may have been unflattering, but it was not inaccurate. By the standards of today's aware youth, we were, with few exceptions, still, quiet and serenely uninvolved. Interested primarily in ourselves and our own destinies, we tended to be bored by politics and self-removed from social issues. In the '50s, America seemed both workable and working. It allowed us the luxury of growing up in peace and security: Unlike those who preceded or those who followed us, we were not expected to fight or die for our country. The grievances of poverty, race and inequality were no less valid than they are today, but we were largely unaware of them. And so, for most of us they did not exist. Hypocritical? Yes. Smug? That too—insufferably so. But then so was the country. If the decade of the '50s had the suffocating "smell of the middle class," as Gloria Steinem, 34, says

THE SILENT

with distaste, then it was an odor that most Americans seemed to like.

Our aloofness stemmed from an early skepticism. As youngsters during World War II, we collected paper, stomped on tin cans and weeded victory gardens to help the heroic Russians and defeat the hated Nazis and Japs. Before most of us were in our teens, we were taught that the Germans (no longer Nazis) and the Japanese (no longer Japs) were our allies and the once heroic Russians our enemies. Small wonder that in our college years we learned to be wary of ideologies or political passions. Political involvement, as Joe McCarthy showed us too, could bring disgrace in middle age. His lesson did not necessarily make us cowards—many college students openly denounced McCarthy—but it did teach us the value of prudence. We were constitutional questioners, pragmatists to the bone, and today many of us still are.

We were incapable of hero worship. Those we most admired, in fact, were not real heroes but the anti-heroes of fiction or film: the Jake Barnes of *The Sun Also Rises* or the Humphrey Bogart of *Casablanca*. Begin a scene from that movie, and almost any film fan of our generation can finish it with appropriate gestures and flourishes. ("What brought you here?" Claude Rains, the good guy-bad guy Vichy captain asks Bogart. "My health. I came for the waters." "What waters? We're in the desert." Bogie shrugs. "I was misinformed.") As Journalist David Halberstam, 36, puts it: "We admired people who fought the good fight against odds—and kept at it." We did not care so much what the good fight was, so long as it was waged with effortless style and nonchalance. While we could be embarrassingly sentimental, we were, paradoxically, distressed at open emotion. For us, coolness was all. Like Holden Caulfield, the confused but knowing teen-age protagonist of J.D. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*—the novel that became the decade's literary touchstone—we detested anything that we felt was phony.

We prided ourselves on being excellent critics, even of ourselves, as if we had a third eye looking in rather than out. Skeptical vision is a quality of the good journalist—and our generation has produced an extraordinary number of good journalists—but it is usually fatal to the novelist or poet, who must have conviction in order to create. Our outstanding artists of prose and poetry can be counted quite literally on the fingers of one hand. Even the best of them seem uncomfortable with the major themes of life and death. Their concerns are more with language and style, as is the case with John Updike, 38, or with a relatively narrow range of human experience, as is true of Philip Roth, 37. There is no Faulkner, no Hemingway, no Fitzgerald, no O'Neill in our lost generation. The *Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* may well be our *Great Gatsby*, and *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad* our *Desire Under the Elms*.

Looking back, it is clear that we were not just a lost generation but a "last generation" as well. We were the last American generation to grow up without television: our fantasies were tied to the radio—the buzz of the Green Hornet and the exotic adventures of Terry and the Pirates. We also read, and—who knows?—we may be the last generation in this TV-enraptured country to fully savor the written word. Our silence on campus had its price, no doubt, but it also had its rewards, not the least of which was the chance to grow at our own pace

Some 30s

Renata Adler, Journalist
Woody Allen, Playwright-Comedian
Herb Alpert, Musician
Alan Arkin, Actor
Neil Armstrong, Astronaut
F. Lee Bailey, Lawyer
Joseph Blatchford, Peace Corps Director
Julian Bond, Legislator
Jimmy Breslin, Writer
Patrick J. ("Pat") Buchanan, Presidential Speechwriter
Arthur Carlberg, Financier
Johnny Cash, Singer
Dick Cavett, Television Host
Wilt Chamberlain, Basketball Player
Eldridge Cleaver, Black Panther
Van Cliburn, Pianist
Judy Collins, Singer
Bill Cosby, Comedian
Jim Dine, Artist
Paul Ehrlich, Entomologist
Jane Fonda, Actress
Fred Harris, U.S. Senator (Okla.)
Tom Hayden, Revolutionary
Abbie Hoffman, Yippie
LeRoi Jones, Playwright

Edward Kennedy, U.S. Senator (Mass.)
Arthur Kopit, Playwright
George Lois, Adman
Willie Mays, Baseball Player
Willie Morris, Editor
Ralph Nader, Consumer Advocate
Mike Nichols, Director
Joyce Carol Oates, Novelist
Robert Packwood, U.S. Senator (Ore.)
Elvis Presley, Singer
Thomas Pynchon, Novelist
Rex Reed, Journalist and Actor
John D. Rockefeller IV, W.Va.
Secretary of State
Phillip Roth, Novelist
Jerry Rubin, Yippie
Bobby Seale, Black Panther
Susan Santag, Critic
Gloria Steinem, Journalist
Frank Stella, Artist
Gay Talese, Journalist
John Tunney, Congressman (Calif.)
John Updike, Novelist
Tom Wolfe, Journalist
Charles Young, Chancellor, U.C.L.A.
Ron Ziegler, Nixon Press Secretary

GENERATION REVISITED

and to pursue, with no guilt whatsoever, the totally irrelevant. "If we had the last of the wine, the time when you could construct your own cubicle, then we were lucky," says television's Dick Cavett, 33. "I look back now on my college days as a time of fantastic luxury." Above all, we were the last generation to accept without question—or to pretend to accept—the traditional American values of work, order and patriotism.

Only today, in our 30s, do we know that we were different—fundamentally different. When the generation lines began to form, we discovered, to our own surprise, that we did not automatically side with our parents. The new youth counterculture was scarcely less foreign to us than it was to them, but it did not strike us, as it did them, as hostile or threatening. The reason is simple enough: we had not been so committed to the old values as we had thought. We had rented them rather than bought them, and anything rented can be discarded without a sense of loss.

We are renters still, taking as our own the values of both old and young—and not thoroughly comfortable with either. Many of us now feel quite at ease with pot, rock and permissive sex; many of us reject the youth culture categorically. Most of us, however, occupy the unhappy position of being undecided: we want to enjoy, but deep down in our pre-Spock psyches, we feel we shouldn't. We puff marijuana at parties when we would be happier with Scotch or gin; we don bell-bottoms when we would rather be in tweeds; we jump into affairs when we would rather be at home in bed—asleep. The visible result often is a compromise: the staid Wall Street lawyer, in vest, rep tie and cuffed trousers in the daytime, who turns Bloomingdale hippie in the evening, donning tie-dyed pants and tank top to weed the garden.

Perhaps our uncertainty is symbolized by the uneasy experience of a New York architect, 31, who lived with his girl friend for a year before marriage. The under-30s never even thought about the arrangement; the over-40s vocally disapproved. Many of his contemporaries, on the other hand, were obviously disturbed but said nothing, uncertain of their own feelings or afraid of being thought square. "The short-hairs and the naked-faces have a hard time being real," asserts a bearded 27-year-old with amiable contempt. And he is right.

Many of our marriages have not survived the strain of being pulled in two directions. The number of divorces for those in their 30s is alarming, the number of unhappy marriages staggering. Sex is probably the same for us as it is for everyone else past puberty. The difference is that our expectations are now those of the young, while many of our marriages were formed according to the rules of the old. The over-40s may be no happier, but they usually are more resigned or more accepting; the under-30s may be frustrated too, but they at least are not caught in the same tight bind of mixed emotions. Our views on religion are scarcely less confused. Is God dead? Don't ask us. For the majority of us, religion is merely a word, sometimes honored, sometimes not.

Most of us deny it, sincerely no doubt, but we are envious of the young. We were, after all, so close to having the same freedoms and so near to their new world. We are envious of something else: time and time again it has been the young who have led the way in attacking a war that

many of us also believe is wrong. Older and better equipped to protest, more of us should have taken the initiative. No doubt many of us will always regret that we did not. Envious of them? Yes, but at the same time (and in total contradiction) we are also relieved that we are not their age. They have much more freedom than we had, but they also have much more pressure put upon them. Unlike us, they feel the hatred of the old, and they know that they must stand together under the banner of youth. At the same time, their frantic independence often hides a group conformity more deadening than anything we could have conceived in the conforming '50s. Being young in the '70s is excruciatingly more difficult than it was in the '50s.

Our hearts are half with the young, but they are half with the old as well. We still sympathize, truly sympathize, with the "square" over-40s. Though we bear no scars from the Depression and "the war"—their twin traumas—both are the vivid memories of childhood to us, rather than cold, historical incidents in a textbook. We can understand, as the young cannot, why the older generation is afraid, and more sadly, why it is resentful of those who seem to have everything but gratitude. To both young and old, we are almost invisible. The young often see us as the cop-outs—as the short-haired, button-down junior exec or the suburban housewife in a station wagon—and many of us are. Our parents and older brothers and sisters often see us as the fellow travelers of the youthful enemy, which many of us are too.

Yet we are ourselves, a disparate group that includes Eldridge Cleaver as well as Neil Armstrong, Tom Hayden as well as Ron Ziegler, Susan Sontag as well as Rod McKuen, Ralph Nader as well as Van Cliburn. Like any generation, we contain contradictions and exceptions, including those, particularly among the blacks, who want to burn and bury the system. But the revolutionaries among us, political or cultural, are a minority; reform, not revolution, is our aim. As a generation, we are distinguished by our lack of anger. Circled by fury, we are the unfurious; surrounded by passion, we are the dispassionate. Most of us by this time have made a commitment to the kind of country we want to live in, and often that commitment is pursued with all the energy and talent we possess. Still, it is a commitment based on reason; we are appalled, all of us, by the automatic reflexes of those younger or older than we. Detached, observed always by that invisible third eye, we still find it impossible to deliver ourselves completely to slogans and ideologies. Even our rebels, our Jerry Rubins and Abbie Hoffmans, have a sense of irony. Our generation could not have produced a Mark Rudd—dour, humorless, and without even the smallest doubt that he might be wrong.

For better or worse, we occupy the middle ground in the war of the generations. "We may be the only ones left in American society who can see what's great and what's bull," says Frank Conroy, 34, the author of *Stop-Time*. "We have no ax to grind." We are the only ones who understand both languages, the only ones who can explain the young to the old, the old to the young. Our job, in the end, may be only that of translator, but this may now be the most important job of all. We may not be loud, and our voices may be muted even now. But we are no longer silent—if only because we now have reason to speak.

**We Are Envious
Of the Young—
And Happy
We're Not**



RUBIN AT 18



BOND AT 26



FONDA AT 25

**Our Job May
Be To Explain
The Young
To the Old**

THE LAW

Who's Sincere?

Americans have long respected those whose moral convictions forbid them to bear arms against their fellow men. When it comes to military conscription, though, the legal question is how to set a standard that exempts only sincere conscientious objectors—not mere draft dodgers.

In World War I, the draft law exempted from combat only members of "peace churches," like Quakers. But since World War II, C.O.s have increasingly challenged the requirement of formal religious beliefs and practices. In the 1965 case of *U.S. v. Seeger*, the Supreme Court held that objectors need not believe in a "Supreme Being," but left room for doubt about what constitutes religious belief. Last week the Supreme Court had another try at the problem. By a vote of 5 to 3, the court ruled that exemption can be based solely on moral and ethical grounds.

No Rest or Peace. At issue was the case of Elliott A. Welsh II, a 28-year-old Los Angeles commodities broker who applied for draft exemption in 1964. In filling out the C.O. form, Welsh carefully crossed out the words "religious training," in part to show that he opposed war on broader historical, philosophical and sociological principles. When his application was denied, he refused induction and was sentenced to three years in prison.

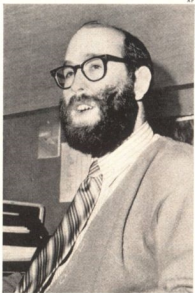
Speaking for four of the five Justices in the court majority, Hugo Black reversed Welsh's conviction as inconsistent with the *Seeger* decision. Black noted that the draft law bars exemption based on "essentially political, sociological or philosophical views, or a merely personal moral code." Even so, Black suggested that such views can be held so firmly as to be "religious" in the eyes of the law. Because few registrants know how broadly the law defines that word, he said, their statements that their beliefs are nonreligious are "highly unreliable." According to Black, the law actually exempts "all those whose consciences, spurred by deeply held moral, ethical or religious beliefs, would give them no rest or peace if they allowed themselves to become a part of an instrument of war."

More Unfair? In sharp dissent, Justice Byron White (joined by Chief Justice Warren Burger and Justice Potter Stewart) argued that this interpretation of the law had twisted the intent of Congress in passing it. In fact, some observers think that Congress may override last week's decision. As if aware of that possibility, Justice John M. Harlan concurred in the decision, but argued in a separate opinion that to deny Welsh an exemption would show favoritism to religion and thus violate the First Amendment ban against governmental "establishment of religion."

The decision especially upset Selective Service Director Curtis Tarr, who predicted that the country's 4,101 local draft boards will have great trouble deciding how to apply the ruling. Tarr quickly issued guidelines stating that every applicant for C.O. status must:

- ▶ Be sincere in his beliefs.
- ▶ Be opposed to war in all forms.
- ▶ Be possessed of beliefs that are more than a personal moral code; he must have taken into account the "thoughts of wise men" and consulted some system of belief beyond his own personal interest, desire or wishes on the question.
- ▶ Have arrived at his beliefs after "some kind of rigorous training."

In Tarr's view, an already unfair draft system has been made even more unfair. Unless an applicant can display a



OBJECTOR WELSH
Solely on moral and ethical grounds.

knowledge of ethics and philosophy, he may be dubbed lacking in "rigorous training." Concluded Tarr: "The young man who has the best chance is a major in philosophy at a first-class college."

To prevent any avalanche of applicants, Tarr insisted that the court's decision was not retroactive. His position will almost certainly be challenged in court. Moreover, many rejected C.O.s are now likely to reapply for exemption. The decision may also help deposed Heavyweight Champion Muhammad Ali, who is fighting a five-year sentence for refusing induction on the ground that he is a Black Muslim minister. One of Ali's lawyers claims that the boxer's case has a better chance before the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit "now that theology has been taken out of it."

Even though college students stand

to gain most from the Welsh decision, many students will not be all that happy. Reason: the ruling does not exempt those who object to the Viet Nam War specifically and not to wars in general. This seemingly illogical notion is, in fact, the point of another C.O. appeal before the Supreme Court, which was argued the same day as *Welsh*. That case involves John H. Sisson Jr., a recent Harvard graduate who refused induction on the ground, among others, that Congress cannot constitutionally force a man to fight in a war to which he is conscientiously opposed. How the court will handle that complex and intriguing argument cannot be predicted, but a ruling on *Sisson* is expected shortly.

Love of Client—or Law?

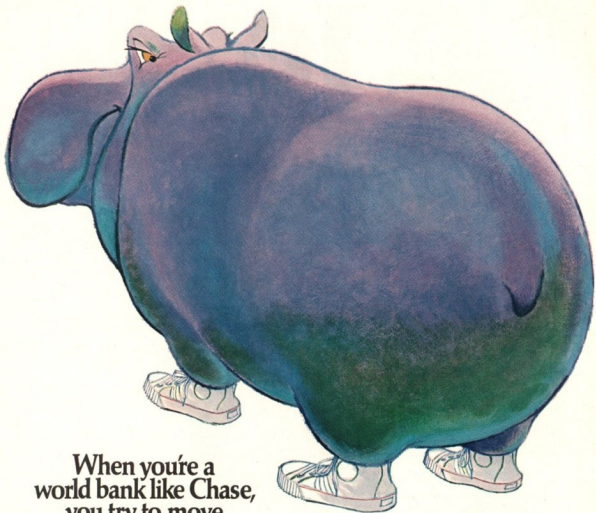
"I only defend those whose goals I share. I'm not a lawyer for hire. I only defend those I love."

So said William Kunstler, the controversial lawyer for the Chicago Seven. If anything, it seemed like a mild statement from a man whose inflammatory campus speeches across the country had provoked serious doubts about his standing as a lawyer. Now Kunstler has come under sharp criticism in a lead editorial of the *American Bar Association Journal*.

One of the law's most venerable ideals, the *Journal* notes, is that in the interests of justice lawyers should represent even those they hate. From John Adams' defense of British soldiers accused of murder after the Boston Massacre to Harold Medina's defense of an accused traitor in World War II, some of the law's most significant chapters have been written by lawyers willing to take unpopular clients. To be sure, the *Journal* concedes, the profession has preferred wealthy and successful clients. But now that more and more lawyers are forsaking that predilection in order to defend the poor and the scorned, the *Journal* suggests, Kunstler's partisanship is both old-fashioned and shortsighted.

"As a profession and individually, we know that our ideal is to provide competent counsel for any person with a legitimate cause," the *Journal* says. "A lawyer for hire is available to the bad and the ugly, the scorned and the outcast. We know from long collective experience that many will go without legal defense or representation if they must depend upon finding a lawyer who 'loves' them."

Kunstler, who has long defended civil rights causes and left-wing activists, replied by accusing the *Journal* of hypocrisy. "Unfortunately, only a bare handful of American practitioners have ever undertaken to put this ideal into practice," he said. "If more members of the A.B.A. were available for such work, then perhaps I would be able to afford the time to be more catholic in my selection of clients."



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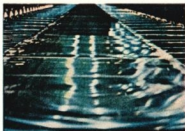
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PUERTO RICAN RUM

EDUCATION

Non Humilis Mulier Triumpho

Gaudete, vos feminae antiquae! O vos fortissimae invictaeque—Susania Antony, Elizabetha Cady Stanton, Elizabetha Blackwell, nostra Elizabetha Agassiz—quae pro suffragio, pro dignitate muliebri, pro educatione puellarum et doctrina quae pueris foret aequa fortissime contendistis. In universitate Harvardiana, in patria, in orbe terrarum, status feminarum plerumque inferior dudum habetur. Mulieres se contemnere didicerunt. Copiae et honores et tituli hominibus dati tamen feminis sunt negati . . . Arma nondum licet deponere, meae sorores, nec proelium tam longum tamque difficile nobis est relinquendum. Ubique flagrat iniqua virorum dominatio.

Woman Suffragist Susan B. Anthony might have put it differently, but she would certainly have endorsed the message:

"Rejoice, O women of old! O brave and unconquered—Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Elizabeth Blackwell, our Elizabeth Agassiz—who struggled courageously for suffrage, for womanly dignity, for an education and training for girls which would be equal to that of boys. At Harvard University, in America, in the world, woman's position is widely recognized to be inferior. Women have learned to despise themselves. Resources, opportunities and honors available to men are denied to women . . . Not yet can we lay down our weapons, my sisters, nor must we abandon so long and difficult a battle. Everywhere an iniquitous male supremacy is rampant."

Miss Anthony would also have appreciated the occasion. For the first time in Harvard's history, the graduates of its distaff campus, Radcliffe, received their diplomas along with the men. And also for the first time, the traditional commencement address in Latin was delivered by a classical scholar in a skirt. Radcliffe's Kirsten Mishkin, 21, a *magna cum laude* graduate, borrowed a quote from Horace to take this signal honor in stride: "*non humilis mulier triumpho*" (a woman not humble in triumph).

After her salute to Miss Anthony and the other precursors of Women's Lib, Graduate Mishkin staked out some ground of her very own. It was a very feminine declaration, all in impeccable Latin, that today's woman does not necessarily want to be man's superior, but simply his peer: "Together, let us establish a new society, the foundations of which will be . . . not fear, but good will; not war between the sexes, but loyal brotherhood and sisterly love." Whether or not Harvard's graduating males got the message, they gave Classicist Mishkin an enthusiastic hand.



DAVIS

Expressions of shock and dismay.

Hardly the Last Word

Since last fall, the University of California's board of regents, which is packed with Governor Reagan conservatives, has been trying to dislodge Angela Davis, 26, from her teaching post in the department of philosophy at U.C.L.A.

Twice it has been frustrated: first by a Los Angeles superior court, which held that Miss Davis' membership in the Communist Party was not cause for dismissal, and again by Chancellor Charles Young, who irritated the board in May by recommending that her contract be renewed. Last week the regents had what they obviously hoped would be the last word. After arbitrarily taking the matter out of Young's hands, the regents voted 15 to 6 to oust Davis on the grounds that she failed to exercise "appropriate restraint" in her public speeches.

That decision was not likely to be final. There are outspoken dissenters among the regents themselves. Said Fred Dutton, a liberal regent, of the majority decision: "The Angela Davis charade is a con game to mislead the people of this state." Moreover, a majority of students and faculty members has lined up on Angela's side. U.C.L.A.'s academic senate, composed solely of faculty members, expressing "our shock, our dismay, our rage," voted to defy the regents by taking steps to keep Miss Davis on the faculty.

"The regents' action sets a precedent," said Angela Davis. "Now they'll be able to move right down the line and get rid of everybody who doesn't agree with their politics. I don't separate the struggle for my job from the struggle against political repression in this country." She plans to file suit immediately, challenging the constitutionality of the board's decree under the First Amendment, which guarantees freedom of speech.

Guessing Game

Nominees range, in the words of Francis Burr, "from S.I. Hayakawa and Spiro Agnew on the right to Norman Mailer and Jerry Rubin on the left." For what job? Burr, senior fellow of the Harvard Corporation, is leading the search for a successor to Harvard President Nathan Pusey, who is stepping down next June. This gives Burr a year to find one. He has made a semipublic appeal for nominations, and there is even a telephone answering service on campus that records the favorite choice of any interested party.

The guessing game has spread abroad, where Crimonologists on the European summer seminar circuit remind some observers of Romans gossiping during the interminable eve of a papal election. Some of the names being bandied about over there: Former HEW Secretary John Gardner, Vanderbilt Chancellor Alexander Heard (who turned down Columbia), McGeorge Bundy, Princeton Economist Carl Kaysen, Harvard Law School Dean Derek Bok, HEW Secretary Elliot Richardson. The Boston *Record-American* last week reported that Richardson has already been tapped and has accepted. But Harvard's Burr denies this. Says he: "The net is still out."

Too Many Doctors

After five years of hard work at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, David Ernst, 26, will get his Ph.D. in August and emerge as one of the best-trained young physicists in America. Unfortunately, that may not be enough to assure him job security in his field. When Ernst recently sought a post at Ohio's Heidelberg College, which was looking for a physics teacher to enlarge its four-man department, he might have expected little trouble in landing it. But this year, despite his impeccable credentials, Heidelberg turned him down. There were 361 inquiries about the job.

All over the U.S., a chronic shortage of college teachers has turned into a surplus. At the annual convention of the American Historical Association last winter, 2,200 applicants squabbled over 402 openings—down from 550 the year before. At the University of Massachusetts this year, 1,000 would-be English teachers applied for eight jobs. One small West Coast college received 750 inquiries about a position in the English department, despite the fact that no opening existed. In Dayton, Texas (pop. 3,000), where the local high school has only 455 students, Principal Kenneth Almond has received job inquiries from 15 Ph.D.s in physics at universities across the country. "And yet," says Almond, "we teach only one elementary physics course to an average bunch of students."

Pecking Order. In the post-Sputnik era, Ph.D.s were often touted as national heroes—proof that Americans could outlearn Russians. Now they seem to be multiplying faster than jobs geared to their skills. This year U.S. universities

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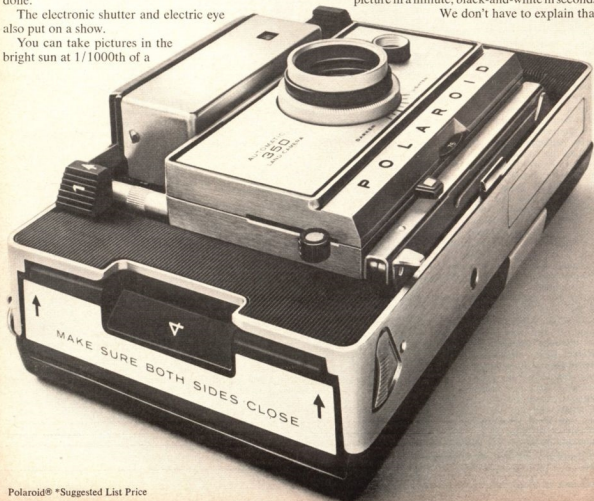
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will produce 29,000 Ph.D.s—3,000 more than last year, and more than three times the number graduated just ten years ago. Yet M.I.T. Physics Professor Lee Grodzins estimates that the entire country has only 3,000 good academic research or teaching posts in physics. Meantime, graduate schools are turning out 300 new Ph.D.s in physics each year.

To some extent, overproduction is inevitable. The postwar "baby boom" that helped send college enrollments soaring in the middle '60s is now working its way through the graduate schools. Much of the glut can also be blamed on the academic pecking order. As bachelor's and master's degrees became more common, academics insisted that doctorates were essential for college teaching, and as degree inflation mounted, dozens of small colleges yearned to become "universities" by taking on expensive graduate programs. The war in Viet Nam also sustained weak graduate schools, since graduate students were at first deferred.

Exciting Nonliving. With large classes and still growing enrollments, many colleges could use more of the Ph.D.s queued up at their doors—if they had the money. But Government aid has not kept up with skyrocketing costs, retarding faculty growth at many schools, and forcing some to cut their staffs. It is true that junior colleges and even high schools may benefit by landing jobless Ph.D.s. But many of the best men will not accept lower salaries or lesser schools. Some Ph.D.s may quit teaching.

Things are especially hard for many in the humanities, trained solely for teaching. Scientists, who could once fall back on industrial jobs, now face fewer prospects. Tight money has forced companies that once hired Ph.D.s to make do with lesser—but less expensive—master's and bachelor's degrees. And women, who earn 12% of the nation's doctorates but land far fewer of its best teaching jobs, may find the going even tougher.

To ease the strain, some Stanford departments plan to reduce their graduate enrollment; other schools are expected to follow suit. In high-energy physics, says M.I.T.'s Grodzins, "the number of new job openings is slightly greater than zero." He still tells new students that the subject is "very exciting," but warns: "Don't expect to make a living at it."

Others predict that the academic recession will foster intellectual dullness on many campuses. As they see it, conservative administrators are likely to cow unorthodox graduate students and young teachers who lack tenure. Those who speak out may be forced out. Still, job insecurity may also curb the intellectual arrogance that afflicts some graduate students. "I've rarely seen such deference from Ph.D. candidates," says Harvard Sociologist Seymour Martin Lipset. "They're becoming obsequious again." For his part, M.I.T. Physicist Brian Schwartz suggests that all graduate school catalogues should bear a new legend: "Warning: graduate education may be hazardous to your career."

MODERN LIVING

Black Cosmetics

The "black is beautiful" idea, conceived to instill a new sense of racial pride in Negroes, has had a practical consequence undreamed by its authors. Black women, now more determined than ever to project an image of loveliness, are turning in increasing numbers to a beauty aid that they seldom used in the past: cosmetics. Responding eagerly to the demand, at least five firms have begun producing cosmetics designed specifically for black skin—the



MAKEUP DEMONSTRATION IN CALIFORNIA
It used to be rouge and watercolors.

field has already grown into a multimillion-dollar business.

From the time the great cosmetic boom hit the U.S. at the end of World War II until recent years, it was a whites-only proposition. "Let's face it," a black beauty specialist says. "The black woman just didn't need cosmetics then. Her job outside the house was almost always as a maid or housekeeper. She didn't need to look attractive."

Receding Eyes. When a few black women began to use cosmetics, the lipsticks and makeup then available did not really work on black skins. Naomi Sims, a model, recalls having to mix her own even in the early '60s: "I used to add rouge and watercolor paint," she says. Model Pat Evans remembers makeup that "turned black women's mouths into neon signs, turned their skin ashen, made their eyes recede." The fact is that stock cosmetics are bad for blacks.

"Our skin is different from white skin," explains former Actress Barbara Walden, now in the beauty business. For one thing, there is a wider variety of skin colors among blacks. "Do you know," she asks, "that we have undertones of browns, oranges, reds and greens—and even purple—in our skin? But never pink, which is the most common undertone in white skins and white makeup." Accordingly, makeup designed for white women is unflattering for blacks; it tends to make darker-toned skin look gray. Lips pose questions too. Many black women find it necessary to use two shades of lipstick to equalize skin color, because their bottom lips often are more pink than their tops.

Like white makeup, the black variety is designed basically to give the skin a uniform tone. But the new black cosmetics have other roles. They are synthesized to meet the problems of black skin—such as oiliness—and differ markedly in ingredients from white makeup. Thus they have lower oil content, for example, and their basic color tones are darker than the pink common to makeup designed for whites.

Business Boom. The firms that have sprung up to meet those special problems—and profit from them—have a built-in market; they estimate that more than half of all Negro women still do not use makeup regularly. Most of these companies keep black cosmetics moderately priced to place them within reach of lower-income blacks. Some of the more popular brand names: Astaré, Afram, Libra, and Flori Roberts.

The black cosmetics are also finding a nonblack market. In Los Angeles, Mexican Americans are buying from black lines; their skin tones are closer to those of blacks than of whites. White women have begun buying black as well—some because they have extra-oily skin, others because they find the low prices attractive. On the day a new black-makeup line was introduced at one Los Angeles store, 65% of the buyers were white. Asked why, one white customer explained, dreaming of a healthy-looking sultan: "I plan to get much darker this summer."

Compulsory Midi

No other style has a greater stake in making the controversial midi lengths acceptable than Manhattan's elegant Bonwit Teller. Early this month President William Fine reported that the store's fall fashions will be 95% midi—a figure considerably higher than that of most competitors, who are still hedging their fashion bets. Now Bonwit's has moved to prevent its employees from undermining its bold gamble. After Aug. 3 all salesgirls will be required to wear only one style of skirt while on duty: the midi.

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Source: latest U.S. Government figures.

THE THEATER

Passion's Fool

For actor after actor, the part of Othello proves more a trap than a triumph. Seemingly a model of uncomplicated clarity, the role is replete with opaque ambiguities and calcified misconceptions. Apart from strangling Desdemona and killing himself, Othello initiates less action than any other Shakespearean tragic hero. Indeed, he often seems like Iago's strangled puppet. His credulity makes him appear less than normally intelligent, and the rapidity with which jealousy races through his veins suggests that he is as much passion's fool as passion's slave. At the end of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth* and *King Lear*,

ly undone by himself. A different sort of man would have been immune to Iago's innuendos about Desdemona's sexual infidelity and the circumstantial evidence of the telltale handkerchief unwittingly supplied by Iago's wife (Jan Miner). Othello succumbs to his panicky jealousy either because he is unsure of himself or of Desdemona, or both. A psychologically astute actor must reveal to the audience that Othello is his own worst enemy, and Gunn fails to do that. Othello is riddled with a special brand of vanity and pride that British Critic F.R. Leavis has called "self-approving self-dramatization." Apparently no actor, not Gunn or even Olivier, can bring himself to expose the

MARTIN DRECH



MINER, MAXWELL & GUNN IN "OTHELLO"
Tortured, but not tutored, by destiny.

the hero has discovered himself. At the end of *Othello*, the hero has simply unmasked Iago and uncovered his own calamitous error. He has been tortured but not tutored by his destiny.

The American Shakespeare Festival production of *Othello* in Stratford, Conn., perpetuates a tradition in which the play and its hero shrink with each successive revival. Moses Gunn and his director Michael Kahn proceed along the familiar tack that Othello is good, loving, noble, trusting and innocent until jealousy and grief tear him asunder. Gunn conveys all of these qualities admirably. His stage presence is commanding and his line delivery persuasive, though it is somewhat mannered when he elongates single words for emphasis.

Special Vanity. The trouble lies in the fact that Gunn accepts Othello's image of himself. That image is one of soldierly simplicity and unflawed purity. On those terms, he is totally undone by Iago's villainy. But in reality, he is chief-

actorish self-absorption and self-inflation that push Othello to his doom.

Gunn is not alone in psychologically violating the play. There should be a good deal of Juliet in Desdemona. After all, she is a virginal young girl swept into sensual love with the Moor, who is anathema to her father in much the same way that a Montague was to a Capulet. But Roberta Maxwell conjures up a prim housewife somewhat baffled by a hubby with a bad case of the sulks. She achieves an affecting poignance only in her deathbed speech. As for Iago, he should be Lucifer's child trailing a brimstone stench of evil, but Lee Richardson makes Othello's ensign seem more like a nimble, two-faced schemer from the ranks of middle management. Wisely and rightly, racial overtones are muted in this production, for Shakespeare was symbolically concerned with the darkness in men's souls and not the blackness of their skins.



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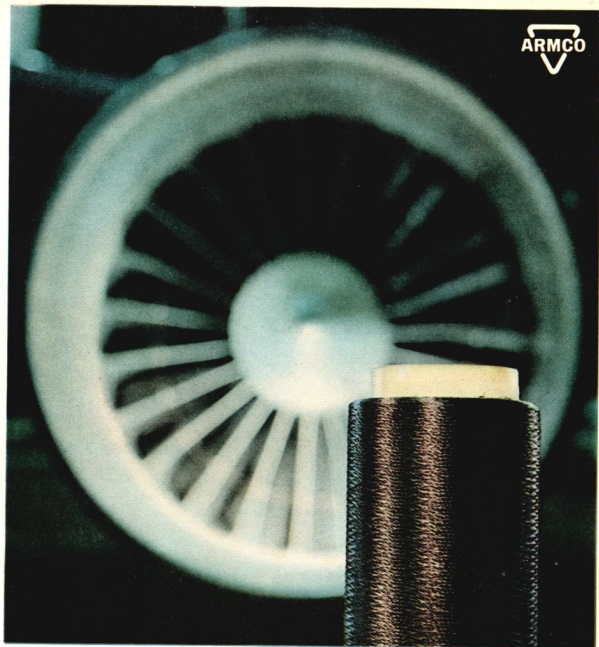
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BEHAVIOR

Sleep and Emotions

Ninety-five percent of adult Americans average seven to eight hours a night. The rest seem to need more than nine hours, or get along nicely on less than six. What distinguishes the long and short sleepers from the majority? To get some answers, Psychiatrist Ernest L. Hartmann, 36, advertised in Boston and New York papers for long and short sleepers to engage in an eight-night "sleep-in" at Boston State Hospital's Sleep and Dream Laboratory, which Hartmann directs. His findings indicate that such people differ from ordinary sleepers—and each other—not so much physically as psychologically. For them, sleep serves varying, sometimes surprising purposes.

Testing showed significant psychological differences between long and short sleepers. The shorts tended to be conformist and emotionally stable; "a successful and relatively healthy bunch with very little overt psychopathology," says Hartmann. "Their entire life-style involved keeping busy and avoiding psychological problems rather than facing them." They also awakened seldom during the night and arose in the morning refreshed and ready to go.

Long sleepers, in contrast, checked out as nonconformist, shy, somewhat withdrawn, and melancholy. Reports Hartmann: "Almost all showed evidence of some inhibition in the spheres of sexual or aggressive functioning." Some betrayed "mild anxiety neuroses" and depression. Moreover, they slept fitfully, waked often and typically got up with a mild case of the morning blues.

At first Hartmann was tempted to classify the restless long sleepers as "well-compensated insomniacs" who had to spend more hours in bed simply to get enough sleep. He changed his mind with the discovery that long, short and average sleepers all spend about the same amount of time in what researchers call "slow-wave sleep," the deep and relatively dreamless state, totaling some 75 minutes a night, when people are presumed to get their real recuperation from the activities of the previous day. Additionally, Hartmann concluded that long sleepers spent nearly twice as much of the night as others in REM (rapid eye movement) sleep—a state in which the sleeper's brain is as active as in full consciousness.

REM sleep is dream sleep. In addition to the long sleeper's measurably greater need to dream—that is, to null

out the problems of wakeful life—Psychiatrist Hartmann proposes another function of sleep. Since the long sleeper shows more symptoms of emotional problems than the short sleeper, who resolutely avoids his problems anyway, it seems that he may use his hours in bed to give his subconscious sleeping self more time to examine these problems and, if possible, to work them out.

Beer for the Aged

It is common knowledge that alcohol, in moderation, has therapeutic effects—as a releaser of emotional tensions, for instance, and as a mild sed-

BY TITMANN ARCHIVE



19th CENTURY PAINTING OF MONKS DRINKING
A concept in need of redefinition.

ative. Drink also serves society through the simple but significant camaraderie of the cup. In a recent experiment, Dr. Ching-piao Chien, a senior psychiatrist at Boston State Hospital, tested this function of alcohol on geriatric patients. Chien staged his study in the hospital sunroom, which had been converted for the experiment into a pub. His subjects were 40 male inmates (average age 73) suffering from depression or mental deterioration stemming from senility.

Suds and Punch. At random, Chien split his subjects into four groups of ten each. Three groups spent an hour each weekday afternoon for nine weeks in the makeshift tavern. The members of one group were given 12 ounces of beer each; those of the second, a glass of nonalcoholic fruit punch; the third, fruit punch containing a dose of thioridazine, a psychotropic (mind-affecting) drug for the treatment of senility. Members of the fourth group, which was established as a control, stayed in the ward and got their usual dose of thioridazine straight.

As Chien suspected, the most efficacious therapeutic agent turned out to be the beer, along with the social atmosphere of the pub and the salutary effect of simply being allowed to drink. Over the course of the experiment, the beer group mingled most companionably in the pub's easy ambience and rarely left before their allotted hour was up. Where 21.3% of the punch drinkers either departed early or failed to show up at all, only 5% of the beer drinkers did. Moreover, not one of them refused his daily glass, while punch drinkers did so 22% of the time.

Psychiatrist Chien wisely refrains from overinterpreting the result of his experiment. Indeed, he allows for the possibility that because his subjects were predominantly Irish—with a legendary thirst for suds—the salubrious effect of the beer therapy might have been enhanced a certain amount. But he found that if old men, although defined as mentally ill, are given the chance to play a normal social role, they will eagerly respond, and symptoms of senility and mental illness are diminished.

Freud's Case Load

Sigmund Freud's theory of the psyche developed substantially from his own practice—which, in turn-of-the-century Vienna, obviously had its limitations. How, if at all, did those limitations affect the theory, which continues to nourish all of psychiatry today? This question has been explored by Benjamin Brody, 50, a New York psychologist. Brody's provocative suggestions, published in *Psychotherapy* magazine: some of psychoanalysis' most widely accepted canons can perhaps be traced to the unrepresentative nature of the Freudian case load. Since Freud went to great lengths to protect his patients' identities, Brody was able to piece together only 145 case histories, most of them fragmentary. Still, that was enough to suggest some tentative conclusions.

For example, Brody notes, only two of Freud's patients were over 45. "One wonders," he writes, "to what extent his limited experience with older patients is responsible for the dictum that psychoanalysis is not indicated with older people"—a position still maintained by some contemporary analysts.

Freud diagnosed half his "major" cases as hysteria, most of the rest as neuroses or phobias susceptible to treatment. Only 7% of his "minor" patients did he consider to be suffering from psychosis, the most serious class of psychological disorder. Brody speculates that this may have led to the belief, still current, that psychoanalysis does not work with most psychotics.

There are other implications in Brody's findings. He noted that "Freud's patients were drawn exclusively from the upper and middle class." Brody asks: "Is it possible that something in the ideology and technique of analysis makes it difficult for lower-class people to use successfully?"

SHOW BUSINESS

Innocent Revisited

Saddlesore and dust-caked, two aging cowpokes ride slowly into the gathering dusk. John O'Hanlan (James Stewart) listens with mounting exasperation as his longtime sidekick Harley Sullivan (Henry Fonda) rambles on:

HARLEY: I had a dog one time who used to lay on his back in the sun. Just lay there with his hind legs all spread out, you know, and his tongue hanging out of his mouth. He was laying there like that one day and a wagon ran over him. He never laid that way again. He always walked funny after that. He was a good dog, though. Sam Breedlaw give him to me. Sam's married to my sister. He's a chamber-pot and pin drummer...

JOHN: You know where we are now, Harley?

HARLEY: Not exactly.

JOHN: We're in the Wyoming territory. And you been talking all the way from Texas.

HARLEY (injured): I've just been keeping you company.

JOHN (restrained): I appreciate it, Harley, but if you say another word the rest of the day, I'm gonna kill you.

Jimmy Stewart and Hank Fonda are as comfortable together in screen saddles as they have been in a friendship that goes back to 1932 and summer stock. Now the old cronies have teamed up again in *The Cheyenne Social Club*, a wonderfully outdated odyssey of bawdy innocence. True, the film is populated with more pasteboard characters than you could empty a pair of Colt Peacemakers at. There is not just one

whore with a heart of gold, but six. There is the starched, parched lawyer feller and the inevitable gang of scabrous villains without a redeeming virtue to their sinister names. The dialogue is beautifully peppered with the buckshot of obscure Old-West metaphors (Harley: "I used to be a real cedar-breaker, but now I'm just bringing up the dregs"). But the film's sole purpose is to give Stewart and Fonda a chance to weave their well-tuned wiles. The result could win the heart of a Wichita banker.

Invincible Sincerity. At 62, Stewart would not seem to be the man to get terribly excited about one more western. In 35 years he has appeared in nine plays and made 73 films that have grossed more than \$190 million. On Broadway this spring, during ten successful weeks, he re-created his classic portrayal of Elwood P. Dowd, the bibulous dreamer whose pal was an imaginary rabbit named Harvey. But the role of the guileless cowboy caught in a web of goodnatured immorality is as much a part of the Stewart myth as the tremulous, pleasantly nasal accent that has made him the world's most imitated actor this side of James Cagney.

In this age of permissiveness, who else but Jimmy Stewart could do a double take, mumble incredulously, "Do you suppose this is a wh...," and make such delicacy believable? Stewart has a rich cinematic history of clod-kicking embarrassment before the ladies; he can still say "ma'am" more effectively than anyone else in the business.

It is his quality of moral radar that early led him to thickly sentimental crusader roles in such films as *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* and *It's a Wonderful Life*. "But when I got back



FONDA, STEWART
Weaving their wiles

from the war in 1946," Stewart recalls, "people didn't want the *Mr. Smith* kind of movie any more, and I refused to make war pictures." He had made one memorable western, *Destry Rides Again* (1939), but had not given much thought to making more until Universal got him into something called *Winchester 73*. Says he: "It was a desperation move that happened to pay off."

His style is so fixed and seems so natural that audiences tend to think of him as a screen personality rather than an actor. That does him an injustice, Stewart says. "I've always been skeptical of people who say they lose themselves in a part. Someone once came up to Spencer Tracy and asked, 'Aren't you tired of always playing Tracy?' Tracy replied, 'What am I supposed to do, play Bogart?' You have to develop a style that suits you and pursue it, not just develop a bag of tricks."

Deeper Tragedy. The Stewart-Fonda style in *Social Club* seems effortless, but it involved considerable pain for Jimmy. On location in Santa Fe, his horse Pie, Stewart's mount in at least 15 of his westerns, died; Stewart was consoled by a meticulous likeness of the gelding painted by Fonda. A deeper tragedy struck when Stewart's stepson was killed in Viet Nam. Stewart did his best not to brood, and Fonda helped buoy him after the day's filming by yarning. Harley-like, about the years they have spent together. Stewart also told his own tales, like the time Fonda went to sleep on a bar in Mexico and awoke to find that John Wayne had wrapped a boa constrictor around his head.

For all their camaraderie, Fonda and Stewart have distinct attitudes toward certain subjects. Unlike Fonda, Stewart



FONDA & STEWART IN "MIRACLE CAN HAPPEN" (1948)
Old cronies comfortable together.



& LADIES
with incomparable skill.

got married once—for good—when he was 41. His wife Gloria has another son by her previous marriage and they have 19-year-old twin girls. But Stewart is more than just a good family man; he is the objective correlative of the Middle-American ideal. He is a member of the Los Angeles Boy Scout Council, a member of the Beverly Hills Community Presbyterian Church, a veteran of 20 World War II bombing missions over Germany and was, until his retirement in 1968, a brigadier general in the Air Force Reserve.

Stewart says he would like to bring Harvey back to Broadway next season, and he has just signed with NBC to do a half-hour TV series beginning in 1971, in which he will play a college professor. It seems a little late in his career to be starting a TV series, but the role of a college prof is a natural for Stewart. One can easily picture him as a western-style campus sage shambling across the green, quietly proselytizing fiery radicals and calling aggressive, upbeat coeds "ma'am."

What Ever Happened To Baby Wayne?

Ever since four blithe spirits from Liverpool turned the world upside down, the most visible pop singers have been those who have dealt with contemporary moods and issues. Simultaneously trend setters and chroniclers of an era, they sing of grass, alienation and oppression. The very names of those who have made it are slogans of rebellion: the Rolling Stones, Janis Joplin, Wayne Newton. . . . Wait a minute—Wayne Newton? Isn't he that big, baby-faced panda, that tenor with adenoidal arrest and the grin that seems to tell you he just

made all-state halfback at Waycross High? Where did he come from?

Where indeed? His brother Jerry, the sharpshooting Doppelgänger of their nightclub act, calls Wayne (chuckle): "Fig." However obvious, Fig Newton is appropriate. Newton's style is sticky, his humor is seedy, and he is wrapped in dough. He is also astonishingly successful. Beginning with that enduring blob of Teutonic treacle, *Danke Schoen*, he has two gold records to his credit. He gets as much as \$75,000 a week in nightclubs and holds the alltime attendance records at the Royal Box in New York's Americana Hotel, Las Vegas' Frontier Hotel and Melodyland in Anaheim, Calif.

Comic Relief. For all its basic corniness, Wayne's act is shrewdly staged. He oozes sweetness while his brother Jerry makes sour wisecracks. Wayne bounces onto the stage singing *Hello, My Baby*, or some such wormy number. He then launches into saccharine favorites like *Swanee*, *For Once in My Life* and *Kids*, a patented anti-divorce song that, according to fan mail, has mended many a rending home. Lest the unsentimental throw up, naughty Jerry introduces some comic relief. "You're such a marvelous audience," Wayne coos, "I want to try something that we've never tried before." Jerry growls: "Who are you kidding? We do the same bloody thing every night." When Wayne slides into *Danke Schoen*, Jerry covers his eyes and moans, "My God, this is so sexy." He exudes disgust as Wayne plays a succession of instruments with ain't-I-cute aplomb. "I'd take off my coat," sneers Jerry, "but I'm afraid you'd play that too." The audiences lap, lap, lap it up.

Wayne, 28, and Jerry, 29, have been a sweet-and-sour team ever since they began playing benefits as youngsters in Norfolk, Va. The Newtons were forced to move to Phoenix because of Wayne's chronic asthma; there Wayne was president of his high-school student body. He and Jerry also had a daily variety show on station KOOL-TV, and in his senior year Wayne quit school to accept a five-year contract at the Fremont Hotel in Las Vegas. Thirty-six shows a week was rugged drill, but it enabled the brothers Newton to broaden and buff their act.

Filial Devotion. Wayne crooned on TV, on records, in nightclubs. Not that everyone was wild about him. As he recalls: "We had a lot of people insult us and tell us to get out of the business. In Las Vegas we even had people throw things at us."

Wayne is square and he knows it; recently he has even considered updating his image slightly by letting his hair grow. But he has stayed with his ducktail sides with pompadour, and he thus remains as lovable as ever to his fans. American mothers get precious little filial devotion these days, and Wayne represents an age when boys loved their mammas and weren't ashamed to show it. The moms and dads who pack his

shows must have blanched a bit when he married a Japanese-American airline hostess, but he is still a good, home-loving, God-fearing boy. When he sings *Dreams of the Everyday Housewife*, women in the audience do everything but fetch him cookies and milk right there in the nightclub.

No Grousing. Wayne Newton's off-stage life replays his image. He prefers to spend most of his free time on his Nevada ranch with his wife and horses. He doesn't think entertainers should be politically active because "our voices are too powerful." But his ideas fix him as a patriot of the well-over-30 school. Says Wayne: "Not everybody agrees with the President, but he's still our President and it's still our country."

Wayne certainly has nothing to grouse about. With the aid of a sharp agent

JULIAN WASSER



NEWTON & BENTLEY

Sticky, seedy and wrapped in dough.

named Tony Amato, the main Newton company controls, among other things: a merchandising company that produces Wayne Newton artifacts and recorded musical horoscopes, a music-publishing firm, 4,500 acres of ranch land, four Los Angeles apartment buildings, two condominiums in Hawaii and 30 Arabian thoroughbreds. Wayne's personal goodies include: a nine-acre ranch in Las Vegas, two Bentleys, a Rolls-Royce, an XK-E, a Mustang, a Learjet, three Hondas, a power boat and a dune buggy. Obviously an operation that can produce these kinds of holdings is not to be laughed at. Wayne certainly doesn't. "The people who come to my show," he says, "are from three to 93. A father who wants to give something great to his boy will bring him to see us. The couple who has been married 43 years is typical. We have to keep as contemporary as possible for the young, but we can't lose the old either. You might say that I sing for mid-America."

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MILESTONES

Married. Lieut. Commander Thomas Mattingly II, 34, astronaut who missed the Apollo 13 moonflight because of exposure to measles; and Elizabeth Dailey, 34, school counselor; both for the first time; in San Antonio.

Died. Asa A. Allen, 59, fire-breathing evangelist and faith healer; of an as yet undetermined cause; in San Francisco. Only days before his death, Allen mailed letters and made radio broadcasts refuting rumors that he was dead. Many of those letters arrived after his actual death; now Allen's associates are left with the problem of informing his followers of the final truth.

Died. Hortense Powdermaker, 69, a noted anthropologist whose studies ranged from Stone Age Melanesians and Rhodesian copper miners to Mississippi blacks and whites and Hollywood moviemakers; of a heart attack; in Berkeley, Calif. "Hollywood shouts to be satirized—I want to understand it," she said before heading West in 1947; three years of research produced *The Dream Factory*, that depicted a totalitarian society in which people were property, and power an end in itself.

Died. Sukarno, 69, founding father and first President of Indonesia (see *THE WORLD*).

Died. Charles P. McCormick, 74, spice king whose McCormick & Co. dominates the U.S. market; of a heart attack; in Baltimore. Taking over his uncle's firm in 1932, McCormick expanded the business until now it is a \$109 million operation; a major innovation was his "multiple management" system, under which various parts of the firm (sales, production, etc.) each elect a board to work with the top bosses.

Died. Dr. Sydney Chapman, 82, British physicist and chief coordinator of the International Geophysical Year, I.G.Y. 1957-58; of a heart attack; in Boulder, Colo. Widely acclaimed for his studies of the sun, most notably his theory explaining how solar eruptions cause magnetic storms and auroral displays on earth, Chapman displayed an almost equal genius as manager and coordinator of I.G.Y., which engaged many thousands of scientists in a worldwide cooperative study of planet Earth.

Died. Robert MacIver, 88, sociologist and author, onetime president (1956-61) of Manhattan's New School for Social Research; in Manhattan. MacIver rose to fame in the 1920s as a humanist in an age of behaviorists. In his numerous books analyzing U.S. democracy (*The Rumparts We Guard*, *Leviathan and the People*, *Power Transformed*), he insisted that in sociology the search for meaning should be paramount.

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America, the beautiful.

It seems no one has a good word for America today. Not even Americans. We condemn the war. We dodge the draft. We riot. Our tax system is unfair. Our justice is unequal. People starve in the midst of plenty. Black militants mass. White militants counter.

And worst of all, America is accused of giving up its birthright—of substituting materialism for morals, of putting profit above national pride.

2300 years ago the youth of Athens rose up against their elders. Even then, the elders were interested only in "the amassing of gold and the building of palaces."

Has nothing changed? Or are the admitted imperfections of our society blinding us to its real achievements? Was it not our countrymen who have just wiped out polio, invented heart machines, created in DNA the very secret of life itself, while finding new ways to increase our own life span?

Was it for profit we have made retirement years more disease-free, more worry-free—years of joy rather than despair? Was it for profit we sent men to the moon? And what of the miracle of science that let us watch them land there?

What of the genuine progress the Negro has made in every field—jobs, voting, simple human dignity? And is there not a moral awakening here in America? Are we not more conscious than ever before of the rights of our fellow man? Including a right that we take for granted—the right to dissent.

No, everything is not all right. But there's more right than wrong here in America. A lot more.

There's a Lot More Right Than Wrong With Our Country.



SCIENCE

Success for Soyuz

Though the Russians lost the race for the moon, they have continued a vigorous space program. So far this year they have launched 14 unmanned satellites, including one shot in April that left eight separate instrumented packages circling the earth. Now, after several years of U.S. supremacy in manned spaceflight, Soviet cosmonauts have scored another first of their own. Last week, as Soyuz 9 completed its 220th swing around the earth, Cosmonauts Andrian Nikolayev and Vitaly Sevastyanov broke the endurance mark for space travel set in 1965 by Astronauts James Lovell and Frank Borman aboard Gemini 7 (13 days, 18 hr. and 35 min.). At week's end the two Soviet spacemen landed safely after almost 18 days in orbit.

Chess Match. One of the major aims of the Russians' record-breaking ride was to find out how the body reacts to



SEVASTYANOV

Setback for Apollo

By contrast, the U.S. space program was not faring so well. After almost two months of intensive investigation into the oxygen-tank explosion during the aborted Apollo 13 moon flight, NASA's high-level review board confirmed that the accident was probably caused by an arcing short that ignited Teflon insulation on wiring in the tank. The fire in turn damaged the seal at the top of the tank and generated heat that expanded the oxygen. The resulting pressure caused the weakened area to burst. The board also detailed an extraordinary sequence of bungling uncovered by the \$1,000,000 post-mortem.

As far back as 1965, the 1,113-page report said, Apollo's prime contractor, North American Rockwell, had ordered that specifications for two small electric switches used to cut off the oxygen tank's internal heater be increased to 65 volts. Inexplicably, the subcontractor



NIKOLAYEV

Does gravity affect vision?

prolonged periods of weightlessness, a question that has particularly troubled Soviet space doctors. In fact, it was the Russians who first showed that orbiting cosmonauts lose calcium from their bones during longer flights. Last week the Russians reported a hitherto unknown physiological problem apparently attributable to zero gravity. After only 24 hours in space, both cosmonauts suffered a deterioration in vision; their eye muscles coordinated poorly, and they had difficulty perceiving colors.

Nikolayev and Sevastyanov seemed little handicapped by the problem. From about 150 miles above the earth, they took an optical fix on Lake Viedma, high in the Andes of southern Argentina. Ground trackers performed equally well. Using new radio navigational gear, they were able to track Soyuz with in about a yard of its actual path. Indeed, the flight went so well that the cosmonauts took time out from their 16-hour work days—exercises, photographic experiments, spacecraft check-outs—to battle ground crews in a long-distance chess match (which ended in a draw on the 36th move).

for the tanks, Beech Aircraft, kept delivering switches with a top rating of only 28 volts. Despite elaborate check-out procedures that were repeated through six previous Apollo manned missions, neither NASA nor its suppliers ever detected the oversight. Indeed, the error might never have been discovered if it had not been seriously compounded by other blunders just before the launch of Apollo 13.

Unable to empty out the tank during tests at the Cape, NASA technicians applied 65 volts to the heater, trying to boil off the semi-liquid oxygen. The voltage fused the inadequate 28-volt cut-off switches, allowing the temperature in the tank to rise to 1000° F. and damaging the Teflon insulation on the wires. This led to the arcing that occurred during the mission. Why did the Cape Kennedy technicians have to resort to this untried procedure for emptying the tank? Because, said the panel, the tiny tube through which oxygen is fed in and extracted had probably been shaken loose when the tank was dropped two inches at the North American plant in Downey, Calif.

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ART

Back to Nature

In recent years, it seemed as if artists had broached all possible frontiers. They extended the plane surface of the canvas, took sculpture off its pedestal, used machines, made everything bigger and bigger. However large or awkward the object, museums and galleries managed to accommodate it.

For some artists, all this permissiveness seemed the reverse of a challenge. They declared that they found the wall, the floor, the room, the very idea of making an object, confining. So they have struck out for wilder shores of the imagination, for deserts and plains, mountaintops and ocean floors, claiming all nature as their canvas and every living thing—from molds and yeasts to cows and their own bodies—as their material.

If ecological art—as apt a name as any—sounds eccentric, it is. But it is also demanding. Its practitioners sweat and swim, dig trenches, hack through ice, suffer desert winds or the muscle aches of long climbs—all for the sake of a few photographs and a memory. No one intent merely on economic security would go in for it, since it results in little that can be sold or even framed. But a considerable number of artists, some young, some not so young, have committed themselves to it. So, as Arthur Miller might say, attention must be paid.

Calabash and Flowers. In one sense, ecological art is about what art has always been about: leaving a mark on

BERNARD DIEDERICH

the world. But left as it frequently is to the whims of nature and viewed rarely by anyone other than the artist, it acknowledges what art has rarely acknowledged before: its own transience. It is a motley movement dominated more by high adventure—and imagination—than by any single name. Michael Heizer and Walter de Maria dug trenches in sun-parched deserts (they are silting over). Christo wrapped a portion of the Australian coastline in polyurethane (the plastic was removed). Britain's Richard Long imposed a geometric pattern on a field of daisies by plucking the blossoms (as any gardener could predict, new blossoms grew).

More than any of the artists involved, Peter Hutchinson, 40, and Dennis Oppenheim, 31, use nature in a metaphorical way to reveal something fundamental about the nature of all things. For Hutchinson, the metaphor is one of change, evolution, growth, a way to demonstrate that life developed from inorganic matter. For Oppenheim, ecological art is a way of interrupting the matrix that he sees shaping both natural and human activities.

Waves of Magenta. Last fall the two artists teamed up to visit the island of Tobago in the British West Indies. The resulting show at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art was composed of some surprisingly beautiful underwater photographs, and charted new ecological territory. Hutchinson strung out calabash, a local fruit, so that it floated eerily in the sea; he also transferred yellow leguminous flowers from nearby slopes to the ocean floor. Oppenheim, long intrigued by the "incredibly irregular" patterns of U.S. Highway 20 he had observed on maps, decided to transfer the configuration of the highway to water. Using a boat to plow a path in the bay, he dropped deep magenta dye and gasoline in its wake, then set the gas afire to create an astonishing analogy to automobile accidents. In the aftermath, Tobago's Crown Point beaches were washed by purple waves for several hours.

"Ecological art began as soon as the sculptor quit thinking about sheet metal and welding and synthetic stuff and began doing something in the ground," Oppenheim says. His studies at the California College of Arts and Crafts and at Stanford, where he got an M.A. in painting, had been formal enough. For a while he made funky inflatable sculptures, then progressed to geometric, steel-beam constructions, finally came to a dead end when he began noticing primary structures all around—in railroad underpinnings, building girders, the shadows of trees. He went through a "site period" when he picked out objects and sites he liked, then got caught up in directly reshaping the landscape. Since then he has directed the seeding and harvesting of a wheatfield in The

ARTHUR SHAY



OPPENHEIM IN WISCONSIN
And cows in the maze.

Netherlands, made a clearing in a Louisiana cypress swamp, and taken microscopic pictures of his saliva with the intention of transferring the patterns to the earth.

Oppenheim's most ambitious project, *Hay Maze*, took place in early March, when he flew out to Wisconsin State University in Whitewater, Wis. He cajoled Farmer Melvin Schrader into allowing him to use his alfalfa field as a site and 1,200 bales of hay from his barn as material, got 25 art students to haul and heave the bales into a geometric maze. Then ten Holstein cows were herded through the maze to eat the corn. The result was one distinctly puzzled farmer ("It may be art and all, but how would I know, art never came up in my life before") and a very tired artist. "My work is a real drag to do," Dennis confesses. But he is firmly convinced that "you can work with the ecosystem as you do with clay."

Peter Hutchinson's involvement with ecology began as a child. Born in 1930 in England, where his family had a market garden, he came to the U.S. in 1953 and enrolled at the University of Illinois, intent on becoming a plant geneticist. Then he switched to art, and began to paint handsome shaped canvases. Two years ago, while summing in Provincetown, his interest in art and nature joined in a sudden impulse. He decided to plant mushrooms and wild phlox onto the ocean floor. This first venture into ecological art nearly ended in disaster when he was carried a mile out to sea by the swift tidal currents off Cape Cod. Undeterred, he has since devoted himself to the new art form. He has made a series of test-tube works, using crystals, yeasts, mosses and ferns. Dealing with living organisms, he admits, has its hazards. He once made a miniature landscape piece for a Manhattan collector only



HUTCHINSON AT PARICUTIN
Mold on the fault lines.



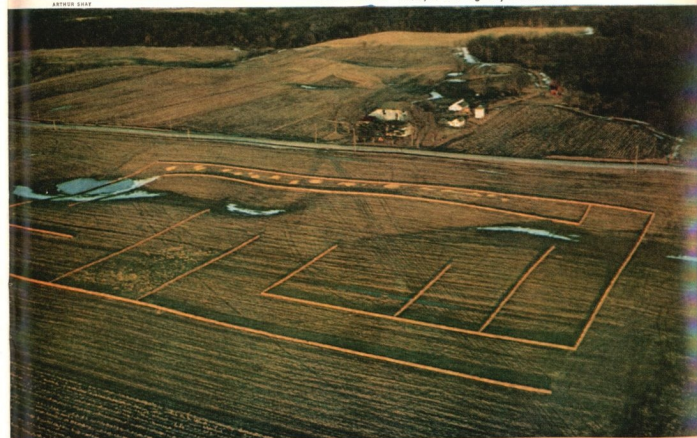
ARTHUR SHAY

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART



PETER HUTCHINSON

Atop Mexico's Paricutin volcano (above), Peter Hutchinson crumbled 450 lbs. of moist bread along a steamy crevice. In six days the heat had produced pinkish and red molds. Dennis Oppenheim dropped deep magenta dye into a Caribbean cove (opposite), bathing the shoreline in unearthly red to make an analogy (in the artist's mind) to U.S. highway accidents.



Oppenheim's Hay Maze project, shown in aerial view, forms a huge geometric pattern on a stretch of placid Wisconsin farm land. To build it, Oppenheim borrowed 1,200 bales of

hay from the farmer's well-stocked barns. Several wagonloads of corn (center of photograph) were used as bait to entice ten less-than-anxious cows through the maze.

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to have a cockroach jump out when he delivered the work to his patron's apartment. Despite Hutchinson's protests that the cockroach proved the work was hospitable to life, the collector rejected it.

One of Peter's favorite concepts has it that volcanic ages lead to ice ages. To express this in a metaphorical way, he conceived of a two-part project in which he would grow molds in a volcano and on an iceberg. For part one, he chose Mexico's Parícutin volcano. One of the newest volcanoes in the world (an important factor, since there would be few if any living organisms there because of heat and sterile soil), Parícutin burst out of a field in 1943, last erupted in 1952. After a ten-hour bus ride from Mexico City, Hutchinson arrived in a nearby village, where he hired a guide for the six-hour horseback ride and 1,400-ft. climb to the crater's edge. He found the volcano was just what he had hoped for. The ground was still hot, steam seeped from its crevices, and no plants grew. A couple of days later he returned, with a mule train carrying 500 loaves of *Bimbo Wonder* bread, which he crumbled along the steaming fault lines, then covered with plastic to create a "greenhouse environment." Six days later he returned, delighted to find that the bread had sprouted an effulgence of molds.

What he had succeeded in doing, Hutchinson says, was to juxtapose a micro-organism against a macrocosmic landscape, to bring life to an environment that had been virtually sterile, in order to show that the old distinctions between living and dead matter are ambiguous, if not false. "Parícutin was similar to the earliest earth landscapes," he says. "Today, when volcanoes appear from the sea, they are first colonized by bacteria, molds and algae. The conditions of early history are continually duplicated." Next stop: an iceberg in Greenland.

Hang-Up on Humor

Modest in scale, unpretentious in theme, the paintings at Los Angeles' David Stuart Gallery last week provided a rare moment of comic relief from the outside banality that too often passes for high seriousness in the con-



"BALANCING ACT"
Always a standoff.

temporary art whirl. There were voluptuous whores and prancing dandies in rollicking Yukon saloons. An old gramophone almost visibly rocked with some long-forgotten tune of the Old West, while near by a row of hilariously curved hooves cantered.

The bottom of a corpulent cutie, the label on a bottle of liquor, the barroom floor, all bore the enigmatic letters: CPLY. It is the maddeningly unpronounceable nom de plume of William Nelson Copley, a Manhattan artist-collector-philanthropist who says he slipped the vowels from his name out of deference to John Singleton Copley, the 19th century American painter.

It was a noble stab at identity, though hardly necessary. At 51, Bill Copley is a sophisticated modern whose skittish lines and comic-strip teases have been displayed from Amsterdam to Albuquerque. His hang-up, he confesses, is humor. "People are shy of humor in painting," he says. "They think it has to be a serious matter. Well, humor is a serious matter. It's the only thing we have between ourselves and pessimism."

A psychiatrist might say his sense of humor evolved out of necessity. Adopted at the age of two by Newspaper Tycoon Ira C. Copley, whose publishing empire included 16 newspapers in Illinois and California, Bill grew up feeling lonely and out of place. "My family believed that all artists are either Communists or homosexuals," he recalls. "Four years at Andover, four years

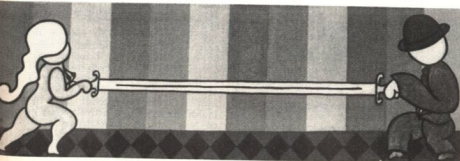
at Yale, four years in the Army—it all left me looking for something revolutionary."

Shady Ladies. Still, he put in a stint as a cub reporter on his father's *San Diego Tribune*, first took up painting while reading *Ulysses* "as an exercise for my perception." He decided to open a gallery in Beverly Hills devoted to the then avant-garde Surrealists, but the venture fell through when he made no sale for six months. "Since I guaranteed the artists that I'd sell 10% of their works, I almost had to start a collection," he says. He took off for Paris, where the artists whose works he had bought—Max Ernst, Man Ray, and Marcel Duchamp—repaid him by giving him pointers in painting. Today Copley's Surrealist collection ranks as the finest in the U.S., takes up much of his spacious Manhattan apartment, where he lives with his China-born wife, Chuang-Hua, the author of a 1969 novel called *Crossings*.

Copley's humor often stems from a kind of situation comedy—for instance, the Victorian gentleman all dolled up to meet a shady lady when his rendezvous is suddenly thwarted by a policeman. One of his best series resulted when in 1967 he came across a book by Robert W. Service, whose poetry he had loved as a child. Service's Yukon saloons, Canadian Mounties and rootin' tootin' shoot-'em-ups meshed perfectly with Copley's scurrying W.C. Fields style and his love of Victoriana. The lady is often nude ("Women's bodies are very charming"), the man always clothed ("I don't find nude men charming at all"). Whether waged with sword, six-shooter or mutual stubbornness, the eternal battle of the sexes virtually always ends in a standoff.

Copley's pictures are not intended to be seen as mere gags, of course. His adaptation of the bold black line and super-simple draftsmanship of the early comics predates Pop. Of late, he has developed bright geometric patterns as an effective foil for his figures. Neither as disturbing as the Surrealists nor as incisive as some Pop artists, he yet fills a niche in which form and humor are as indispensable to each other as wit and word in a limerick. "I see painting as poetry," he says. "Humor, after all, is the reminder that we are mortal."

MARTHA HOLMES



WILLIAM COPLEY WITH "HAPPY NEW YEAR" (RIGHT) & "SWORD DUEL" (ABOVE)



SPORT

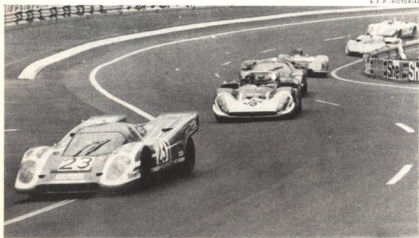
Power to the Porsches

In the hierarchy of international sports-car racing, makes of machines tend to reign like Old World dynasties. In the 1950s, England's noble Jaguars ruled the raceways. Through the 1960s, the dashing, blood-red Ferraris from Italy were the Medicis of the macadam. Now, after two decades of plotting an overthrow, the house of Porsche is coming to power.

Horsepower, that is. Always a top competitor in its class, Porsche in past years was known as the Volkswagen of sports cars—a small, sturdy “superbug” that made up in precision performance what it lacked in muscle. In the past two years, however, Porsche debuted two models designed to mix it up with the big boys. Last year the Porsche 908, with a larger 3-liter engine and 380 h.p., proved that it could more than hold its own when it won the World Manufacturers' Championship, losing only three of the ten races on the circuit. The most disappointing defeat came

in 19 years of trying. The Ford GT-40s were not competing, but Ferrari, which handed Porsche its lone defeat this year at Sebring, Fla., was strongly represented, as were Alfa Romeo and Matra-Simca. As it happened, the cars might have made a better showing if they had been equipped with water wings instead of wheels.

No Heir in Sight. Swept by torrential rains, the race became a dangerous game of dodge 'em in which the only strategy was survival. After a few sloshy turns around the twisting, 8.4-mile course, Ferrari Driver Ronnie Bucknum allowed that “this race makes Indianapolis look like a Sunday drive. I was plain terrified most of the time.” Ferrari, which had eleven entries, lost five cars in the first three hours, three in a single accident. Early the next morning Belgian Driver Jacky Ickx slammed his Ferrari 512S into a one-lane S-curve in an attempt to overtake Swiss Driver Jo Siffert's front-running Porsche. Ickx lost the gamble, jammed on the brakes, and his racer skidded



PORSCHE LEADING AT LE MANS
Superbug no more.

at Le Mans, France, when—hurt at all hurts—a heavy, outdated Ford GT-40 managed to best the new 908 by the scant margin of one second in the closest finish in the 38-year history of the event.

Last week Porsche returned to Le Mans revved up for revenge. This time they had the new Porsche 917, a low-slung speedster with a 4.9-liter engine and 660 h.p. that can hit speeds of up to 200 m.p.h. on the straightaway. As was the case last year, the West German cars had already clinched the world championship, having won endurance races in the U.S., England, Italy, Belgium and Germany. Nonetheless, as the most prestigious race on the international circuit, the 24 Hours of Le Mans was one trophy the Porsche team dearly wanted to win—a feat they had never accomplished

off the road. He emerged with minor injuries, but a racing official in the car's path was fatally injured.

A half-hour later, Siffert's Porsche was sidelined with engine trouble. No matter. Among the 16 of 51 starters still moving at the end of the race, eleven were Porsches. More important, the West German cars finished one-two-three, with the Porsche 917 driven by Hans Herrmann and Richard Attwood leading the way at an average speed of 119.29 m.p.h. over 2,863 rain-slowed miles. Slow as the pace was, the closest contender to Porsche was Bucknum's Ferrari, which finished fourth at a distant 248 miles behind the winner. Since there is no heir apparent in sight, the 1970 Le Mans was further proof that the Porsche will be the sovereign of sports-car racing in the '70s.

The Beeg Hoppy Fella

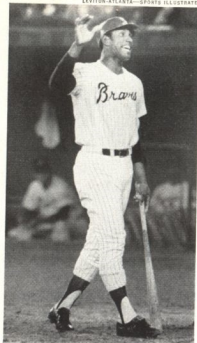
Who is an All-Star? According to the official list of nominees for this year's All-Star baseball game on July 14 in Cincinnati, it might be Tommy Helms of the Reds, who is hitting .207, but not the Chicago Cubs' Jim Hickman, who has a .341 average. Though the Cleveland Indians' Ken Harrelson has been sidelined with a broken leg since mid-March, he is still a candidate for the game, crutches and all, while the California Angels' Alex Johnson, who has a .348 average, is not. In fact, almost half of the top 20 hitters in the major leagues have been omitted from the ballot, including Leftfielder Rico Carty of the Atlanta Braves. He is batting .395—25 points ahead of his closest competitor in the National League.

The omission of Carty is the most ludicrous inconsistency in what has come to be known as “Bowie's booboo.” To keep people “involved” in the All-Star game, Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn decided last winter to again let the fans make the selections instead of the players. To prevent ballot stuffing, Kuhn arranged to have the voting policed and tabulated by computer. Trouble was, to allow enough time for programming the computer, managers and player representatives had to select the nominees last spring, which is about as reliable as trying to predict the Dow-Jones averages eight months in advance. Spaces were left on the ballot for write-in votes—but how many fans will take the time or trouble to spell Billy Garbarowitz, a surprise .339 hitter on the Los Angeles Dodgers?

Not Counting on It. Nonetheless, some fans are doing something like that. Especially in Atlanta, where a write-in campaign for Rico Carty is gaining such headway that Braves Manager Luman Harris predicts: “Rico will get more votes than anybody on the National League team.” Carty is not counting on it. He has been snubbed more times than a door-to-door salesman. In 1964, his first season with the Braves, he hit 22 homers, knocked in 88 runs, batted .330—and lost Rookie of the Year honors to the Phillies' Richie Allen, a .318 hitter. Last season, after a six-month bout with tuberculosis, he suffered through three shoulder separations and still managed a .342 average. The Comeback of the Year award, however, went to the Mets' Tommie Agee, who hit .271.

It is true enough that only in recent seasons has Rico learned to judge fly balls. Still, it is incredible that Carty, now 29, has been overlooked by the supposedly knowledgeable men of baseball. He started the season with a lifetime average of .311, the fourth highest among active players in the N.L. Now he is threatening to become the first major leaguer in 29 years to hit .400. Ted Williams, who last did it with a .406 average in 1941, says: “I think he'll make it.”

Back in the Dominican Republic,



CARTY WAVING TO FANS
Snubbed like a salesman.

hardly anyone ever thought that Ricardo Adolfo Jacobo Carty would even make it to the majors. "They put me in left field when I was a kid," he recalls, "and the ball went over my head. They put me to catch, and the ball went behind me." One thing Rico could always do, though, was "heet the ball." That is what impressed major league scouts when, at 18, Carty came to the U.S. to play in the Pan American Games. Unable to speak a word of English, he was quick to give his autograph to any man who smiled at him. "I think I sign twelve contracts," he says, "eight to play in the U.S. and four for the Dominican Republic."

Hot Dog, Not Hothead. It was finally ruled that Carty belonged to the Braves. During his rookie season he subsisted mainly on hamburger (the first English word he mastered), but today he is known to rival players as a "hot dog"—locker-room lingo for show-off. Ever smiling, Carty always catches the ball one-handed, waves to the fans, and tosses balls to them. He wants to be known as a "hoppy guy," not as the hotheaded player who once slugged Teammate Hank Aaron.

Known to teammates as "the beeg fella," the 6 ft. 2 in., 210 lb. Carty describes himself as "a crazy hitter until two strikes, then I look for the strike zone." Bat cocked straight up like an exclamation point, he hits with power to all fields. In a recent game against Philadelphia, he pounded three home runs to three different fields. That may be just the beginning. In past seasons, Rico notes, he has always done his best hitting in July and August.

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These seminars, designed to tell entire communities how to cope with the drug threat, feature a panel of psychologists, sociologists and medical experts, each a recognized drug-control authority.

Most drug-control programs are concerned with treatment of addicts. These seminars are aimed at prevention: determining the extent of the problem, how to analyze community conditions that contribute to addiction, how to identify symptoms of addiction, how to prevent addiction's further growth.

But the seminars are only a beginning. To completely eliminate the drug threat requires the cooperation of government, educational institutions, industry and communities—and, most of all, parents and their children.

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We don't pretend we can do it all. But we are helping.

Migratory workers in Florida are being trained for assembly line work. We support the national and the New York Urban Coalitions. We are studying malnutrition problems in poverty areas. We are conducting research in air and water pollution control.

As *Business Week* magazine pointed out in a December 6 editorial last year: "The great American corporation is perhaps the most effective device ever invented for getting things done in a free society. When there are jobs to be done, the American people turn instinctively to the corporations to do them."

And when the corporations respond, that's good for you and people everywhere.

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BUSINESS

The Rising Problem of Drugs on the Job

FIRST spawned in the ghetto, drug addiction quickly spread to the middle-class suburbs, colleges and high schools. Now, in corporations across the country, the cloying whiff of marijuana in the stairwell and the hastily dumped syringe in the washroom attest to the rapid growth of on-the-job drug users.

In a General Motors plant in Los Angeles, undercover police recently smashed a ring selling drugs at lunchtime from a camper in the parking lot. In Manhattan, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. has dismissed more than 100 employees during the past year for using drugs. "Wall Street firms are

Addicts also account for much of the \$2 billion worth of tools, office machinery and other goods stolen from corporations and stores each year. In New York City, which conservatively counts 50,000 heroin addicts, about 80% of the shoplifting is attributed to drug users, including some employed at the stores. Drug abuse is particularly apparent in the stockrooms of major department stores, says Dr. Mitchell Rosenthal, director of New York City's Phoenix House drug rehabilitation program.

Hardened drug users in business are generally in their early 20s and usually in low-echelon jobs. The ghetto black is still the heaviest heroin user but as his need for the drug grows, he usually drops out of the labor force. The number of white workers dependent on heroin is increasing, but the whites still tend to less addictive drugs, notably barbiturates and amphetamine capsules. Most users in industry turn on with marijuana, or pot; if nothing else, it can diminish their ability on the job.

A Hint of Quinine. Detecting the on-the-job addict is a much more ticklish task than spotting an alcoholic. The addict's symptoms—dilated eyes, shaky coordination, impaired depth perception—are not always obvious to even trained observers. Because most narcotics are illegal, company officials are cautious about accusing a worker of addiction or even examining his locker; a mistake could lead to a costly lawsuit. William Britter, security official at Western Electric's Los Angeles service center, says: "Most people will agree that employing an undercover agent or informant is the only way to get to the bottom of the problem."

In many companies, the personnel department rigidly screens applicants to discover addicts before they are hired. Manhattan-based Con Edison, for example, turned away 44 addicted job seekers in 1968 and 78 last year. Companies have recently begun demanding that applicants submit to a special urine analysis; in the case of users, the test turns up traces of barbiturates, amphetamines and morphine, which the body metabolizes out of heroin. The tests have led to a burgeoning business for private laboratories; some do several hundred urinalyses a day, at \$4.50 each. Even these tests are not foolproof. If a specimen shows a hint of quinine, which is often used to cut heroin, the applicant can be refused—but he could have picked it up simply by drinking a gin and tonic, which also contains quinine. Another drawback is that the tests cannot detect heavy users of marijuana because it leaves no noticeable after-trace.

Corporate officials, many of whom

once denied that their firms had a drug problem, are trying increasingly to cope with it. Last week representatives of 17 major organizations in New York City, including Atlantic Richfield, the New York Times Co., Manufacturers Hanover Trust and Chemical Bank, met to pool information on means of combatting drug abuse on the job. The Merchants & Manufacturers Association in Southern California has instituted a series of "shop talks" on handling drugs; the meetings have attracted hundreds of corporate officials.

So far, such efforts fall well short of the alcoholic rehabilitation that business



BURTON DEKINS—CON LIT.

TESTING SPECIMENS FOR TELLTALE TRACES
Gin and tonic can show positive too.

scared to death about drugs," reports Ernie Odom, an ex-addict who has charged companies \$200 for his well-attended seminars on drug detection. In Detroit, an assembly-line worker at the Dodge plant notes: "Guys are always stoned. Either they're high from pills to keep them awake or they're zonked on a joint they had on a break."

Pushing and Lifting. Attorney General John Mitchell estimates that one out of every 40 workers in the U.S. uses drugs illegally. A survey by Chicago's Industrial Relations Newsletter concluded that three out of every four U.S. plants with 50 or more employees have a serious drug problem. The addict's sharply curtailed job performance is only part of the problem for corporations. To support their habit, drug-dependent workers often become pushers and ensnare co-workers into narcotic addiction.



TREATMENT REHABILITATION CENTER
The alternative is costlier.

adopted 20 or 30 years ago. Often companies refer addicts whom they fire to clinics or rehabilitation centers, where prospects for total recovery are dim. Public clinics and centers in New York City, for example, tend to concentrate on the needs of ghetto youths whose addiction is linked to deprivation and despair. The environment is often harsh for older, middle-class addicts and adds to their difficulty in readjustment. Says Donald Mahoney, a spokesman for New York Telephone Co.: "Seventy-five percent of our alcoholics eventually return to work, but our record of drug rehabilitation is zilch."

Some blame must be shared by the companies that summarily dismiss workers hooked on narcotics. Without income, the addict's chances of paying for effective private treatment are reduced, while the odds against his completing the program at free centers is

heightened. One of the few firms to take an enlightened view of the addict's plight is New Jersey Bell Telephone, which began this year to pay disability money to employees undergoing treatment for drug use.

Eventually, business will have to take a more active role in aiding drug-dependent workers, helping to support adequately staffed treatment centers. Dr. Rosenthal of Phoenix House says: "Not until private industry realizes that the drug user is increasingly white, bright and productive is it likely to take a rehabilitative approach to drugs." The shortsighted effort to save money on rehabilitation may well prove increasingly costly to business in terms of lower output and lost careers.

THE STOCK MARKET

A Billion for Peace of Mind

Stock-market investors have always known that they can be wiped out if they choose the wrong issues, but it has only recently dawned on them that they also can be ruined if they choose the wrong brokerage house. That threat has been raised by several brokerage failures. So far, the failures have not caused any grave losses to customers, but there is a danger that a series of future ones could do so—and that even clients of solvent brokers would be panicked into selling out everything, bringing on a stock-market collapse.

Wall Street and Washington agree that in order to avert such a calamity, brokerage accounts must be insured in the same way that bank accounts are. Last week President Nixon endorsed that idea in his economic speech. Just before the President spoke, a first-class fight broke out over how much, if any, increased Government regulation of the securities industry should accompany the insurance.

Setting Up SIPC. A securities-industry task force and the Securities and Exchange Commission last week presented separate bills to Congress. Both bills would establish a Securities Investor Protection Corp. (abbreviated SIPC and pronounced sipic) that would insure each investor's account for as much as \$50,000. SIPC would be empowered to raise an initial fund of \$75 million, and eventually \$150 million, from brokers. In a pinch, it could also borrow up to \$1 billion from the Treasury to pay off customers of insolvent brokers; it would repay the loans by assessing solvent brokers.

The plan would benefit mostly the one active investor in every ten who buys stock on margin. Whether they realize it or not, margin buyers agree to let their brokers use their stock as collateral on bank loans, which must be repaid before the stock can be sold and the cash returned to the customer. The insurance plan would also bring greater peace of mind to investors who leave cash and fully paid securities in their accounts. Brokers are supposed to keep



SEC CHAIRMAN BUDGE
Firm rules for the industry.

customers' cash and paid-up stocks separate from their own assets, but Phillip Loomis, general counsel of the SEC, says that cash and stocks "occasionally" vanish from customers' accounts. The SEC recently accused one brokerage firm, Meyerson & Co., of pledging customers' paid-up stock as collateral on bank loans.

Tough New Agency. SIPC would be more than a conduit for cash. It would be, in effect, a powerful new brokerage-regulatory agency. Its officers could, for example, examine the books of brokerages to determine if they were on the verge of insolvency, order changes in the way brokerages keep their books, arrange mergers to rescue troubled firms and, as a last resort, ask a federal court to appoint a trustee for a failing broker.

Wall Street does not want those powers exercised by the Government. To

head off that possibility, an industry task force has drafted a bill that would make SIPC an almost purely industry self-regulating body. Under the industry's proposal, the insurance corporation would have twelve directors, but only two would be Government appointees; the others would be chosen by stock exchanges and industry associations. The SEC would have general authority to review SIPC operations, but at one point the industry draft specifies that there would be "no addition to" the SEC's regulatory powers.

That approach succeeded only in provoking SEC Chairman Hamer ("Judge") Budge into taking the toughest regulatory stance of his generally mild career. To the shock of brokers, Budge presented an alternative bill that would give the Government almost complete power over SIPC. Among its provisions: the President would name all SIPC directors; the SEC would have the power to order the insurance company to adopt new rules and could dictate how often its examiners should look at brokers' books. Budge also insisted that Congress give the SEC clear authority to make sure that brokers keep their hands off their customers' cash and paid-up stocks. If the industry does not agree, Budge said, Congress should not set up SIPC at all, but instead give the SEC authority to operate the insurance plan directly. Senator Edmund Muskie, the prime mover in Congress behind the idea that investors should be protected against brokerage failures, was impressed enough by the SEC's arguments to incorporate most of them into his bill to set up a corporation to insure investors.

Deeper in the Hole. Both sides are trying to negotiate a compromise. Ideally, that compromise would be closer to the SEC's idea than to the industry's position. The industry's request that the Government make \$1 billion of taxpayers' money available to an agency over which Washington would have little control showed rather astonishing gall. Wall Street could use tighter regulation of brokers' financial practices anyway.

The compromise should also be worked out as speedily as possible. Wall Street's private depression is becoming worse. A study put out last week by Wright Associates, a management consulting firm, showed that eleven of the 13 major brokerage houses lost money in this year's first quarter. To drum up more business, some brokerages have begun to phone people at random and ask if they want to open accounts. Although stock prices rose sharply last week, trading volume on the New York Stock Exchange at times dropped below 7,000,000 shares daily, a level at which few if any brokers can make a profit. If volume continues to be sluggish, the likelihood of further brokerage failures will increase, and the need for investor insurance will become even more acute.



SENATOR MUSKIE
More protection for the investors.

The Man Who Would Make Everybody Richer

EVEN in an age that venerates heresy, the iconoclastic philosophy of Louis Orth Kelso outrages many a professional economist. "A crackpot theory," argues Money Expert Milton Friedman. "Instead of saying that labor is exploited, Kelso says that capital is exploited. It's Marx stood on its head." Replies Kelso: "Damn right—and what's wrong with that?"

Kelso, 56, a highly successful San Francisco corporate lawyer, author and sometime economist, insists that economic ideologists as diverse as Karl Marx and John Maynard Keynes have been wrong. They have overstressed one factor—the role of labor—in the production of industrial wealth. Kelso holds that "the second factor," capital, is increasingly more important than labor because both technology and modern management aim at saving labor.

The U.S. economic system is in trouble, Kelso insists, because 5% of the population owns the capital—money, securities, land and tools—that produces about 90% of the wealth. This means that the rich grow richer while the bulk of U.S. workers are denied an opportunity to obtain a worthwhile share of the nation's abundance. What Kelso wants to do is turn 80 million workers into capitalists through a complex maneuver that would enable almost everybody to buy blue-chip stocks with borrowed money and ultimately enjoy a "second income" from the dividends.

The Closed Frontier. Kelso's idea has elicited increasing debate lately among bankers, corporate executives and officials of several governments. Venturesome companies have used some of his methods to shift ownership to their employees. Early this year, Alberta, Canada's historic haven for economic experimenters, began a formal study of Kelso's entire doctrine. Last week, as he has for more than a decade, Kelso hopped across the U.S. expounding the merits of his "universal capitalism." In Chicago, he met with a group of insurance men. In Washington, he dined with five Republican Congressmen, two Administration aides and Elliot Richardson, the incoming Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. At week's end Kelso flew to Stanford University to give a lecture to executives of 13 California companies.

The Denver-born son of a poverty-plagued musician, Kelso developed his theories partly from his own struggle to make a living. He went to work when he was in the ninth grade and drove a dynamite truck to earn his way through the University of Colorado, from which he holds degrees in both finance and law. He grew interested in economics, he says, "by brooding about the absurdity of the Depression." While stationed in the Canal Zone as a Navy intelligence officer during World War II, he wrote a 600-page manuscript pro-

pounding his views. It lay in a closet for 15 years, until Philosopher Mortimer Adler, intrigued by a conversation with Kelso, asked to read it. Adler was so fascinated that he collaborated with Kelso on *The Capitalist Manifesto*, published in 1958; it has since sold 50,000 copies. To further his reform cause, Kelso later started in Washington the Institute for the Study of Economic Systems. Last year he gave the institute \$52,000 from the six-figure income that he draws as senior partner in Kelso, Cotton, Seligman & Ray, one of San Francisco's ten largest law firms.

In his latest book, *Two-Factor Theory: the Economics of Reality* (co-authored by Patricia Hetter), Kelso maintains that the American system is "coming apart" because of its "defective financial and economic framework." One of his most potent arguments is historical. Until the close of the frontier, even the

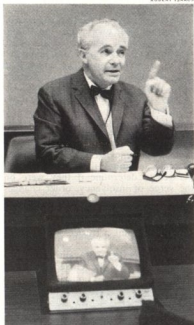
mortgage loans. He would empower banks to borrow funds directly from the Federal Reserve for such lending.

The plan might begin by helping the poor and unemployed. An eligible borrower would go to a bank and obtain, for example, \$4,000 a year for five years (or \$20,000 all together) to buy stock in corporations. The bank, protected against loss by the Government insurance, would put the money in escrow; a trust officer would buy a diversified portfolio of dividend-paying shares. Kelso figures that the stocks would ultimately pay for themselves through dividends. Thus the borrower could pay off the loan, then own the stocks outright and enjoy a dividend income from \$20,000 of capital.

Raising the Dividends. At present, a \$20,000 portfolio of high-grade stocks generally pays about \$1,000 a year, or 5% in dividends. But Kelsonian economics calls for a return of at least 20%, or \$4,000 a year—a level that Kelso figures could take 5,000,000 families off the welfare rolls in five years. To increase the dividend payout, Kelso would gradually abolish corporate income taxes and require companies to distribute all of their earnings to stockholders. Kelso maintains that the Government's revenue loss would be temporary and bearable. One reason is that rising personal-income-tax collections would greatly offset the gradual decline in corporate tax take. He also foresees a decline in Government expenditures for welfare and "make-work" activities—subsidies for uneconomic farms, dubious construction and military projects—that, by his estimate, now occupy one-third of the U.S. labor force.

The benefits of the plan would spread to middle-class workers in two ways. First, Kelso estimates, the funds for capital investment through increased stock sales would support economic expansion at hitherto undreamed-of rates of perhaps 15% or 20% a year, creating a great demand for labor. Second, companies would be tempted to adopt Kelso's plan voluntarily, partly because of a quirk in tax laws. For example, if Beneficial Paper Co., with 1,000 employees, wanted \$20 million to build a factory, it would issue \$20 million worth of new common stock. An employee-owned trust, set up somewhat like existing pension and profit-sharing trusts, would buy the shares with money borrowed from a bank. Here the tax quirk comes into play: the company could agree to make tax-deductible contributions to the trust to enable it to repay the loan; if the company itself borrowed the money from the bank, the loan would have to be repaid in after-tax dollars.

Without corporate income taxes, the dividends from the employee trust's investment ought to average \$4,000,000 a year, says Kelso, enabling the trust to repay the loan in five years. After that,



KELSO LECTURING AT STANFORD
Dividends and drawbacks.

poorest laborer could acquire capital virtually free, in the form of land. "That opportunity motivated the building of the most powerful economy on earth," declares Kelso. Now that the free land is gone, he contends, the U.S. seems to have forgotten that "property is the only power capable of protecting the individual's political freedoms and rights."

Homesteading with Stocks. Kelso calls for a kind of Homestead Act that would make stock, rather than land, available to people who lack the cash or credit to buy it. He envisages creation of a federal agency to insure "capital diffusion loans," much as the Federal Housing Administration insures

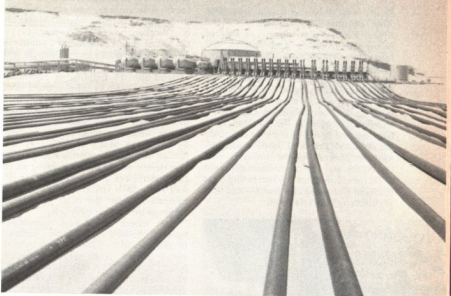
each of Beneficial Paper's 1,000 employees would not only own \$20,000 worth of stock but would also have a second income of \$4,000 a year.

Some companies have already set up tax-sheltered trusts that allow their workers to become stockholders on credit. When the employees of San Francisco-based First California Co. found that the investment banking firm was for sale, they converted their profit-sharing plan into a stock bonus trust. The trust used its cash, plus a borrowed \$1,000,000, to buy F.C.C.'s common shares, pledging the assets of the company to secure the loan. Within 2½ years, the trust repaid the loan out of company profits. In similar fashion, employees used a Kelso-devised fund to buy Peninsula Newspapers, Inc., of Palo Alto, Calif.

Unbottling the Genie. Like any adventurous idea, Kelso's plan has drawbacks. Critics argue that even if Congress could be persuaded to change the necessary laws—a big if—his second-income plan would merely be a substitute for today's Government redistribution of wealth through taxes, welfare, give-aways and make-work programs. Another difficulty is that Kelso concentrates on the manufacturing sector of the economy, noting that greater capital investment would lead to more productivity. But he tends to play down the rising importance of the economy's service sector, in which productivity growth is slow and cannot be rapidly expanded by capital investments.

Present stockholders might logically object that issuance of so many new shares to finance plant expansion would dilute their equity in corporations. Kelso notes, however, that stockholders' proportional share in the old assets of a company would remain the same; only the new wealth created by expansion would be spread widely among the new shareholders. To be sure, if Kelso's plan were widely adopted, the stock market might lose its lure as a casino. Reason: investors would have much less incentive to gamble on rising stock prices and much more inducement to invest for steady income. Kelso expects that his plan would smooth the gyrations of stock prices. Even in a bear market, he argues, the public's appetite for new shares would hardly diminish because investors would not be risking their own savings to acquire stock. And he figures that people who own stock as a source of second incomes would be apt to retain it as long as corporations avoid large cuts in their dividends.

Despite the flaws, Executive Vice President Walter Hoadley of the Bank of America calls Kelsonian theory "a forward-looking concept designed to preserve our enterprise system." Kelso himself seems convinced that his time has come. "I let the genie out of the bottle, and it's not going back," he says. "What did the French College of Surgeons call Pasteur? A mere chemist. I think that I am the Pasteur of finance."



ESSO PIPELINES IN LIBYA
Feeling the squeeze from the Arabs.

OIL

A Little Throat Cutting

Oil and politics, always a volatile mixture, are boiling again in the Arab world. Western oilmen in the Middle East are understandably nervous about Washington's impending decision on Israel's request for 25 Phantom and 100 Skyhawk jets. If the sale goes through as expected, it is certain to spark Arab outrage. What worries the oilmen is that Arab mobs or guerrillas, whom not even the local governments can control, might vent their anger against vulnerable U.S.-owned drilling rigs, pipelines and refineries.

Arab rulers realize that mindless destruction would hurt them more than the companies, which have alternative sources of supply—for example, in Iran. After the Six-Day War Egypt's President Nasser pressured other Arab countries into shutting off oil production for a while, but quietly kept his own country's oil flowing with the help of U.S. technicians. Now, however, Arab governments share with their populations a feeling that the U.S. should somehow be made to pay for its support of Israel. That feeling neatly coincides with—and underlies—a mounting demand for a greater share of petroleum profits. The governments do not mind coercing the oilmen in order to force the U.S. to think twice about sending planes to Israel. Items:

► **Libya** last week ordered Esso not to export liquid natural gas from its new \$350 million plant. The government declared that Esso was charging its Italian and Spanish customers an "artificially low price," and appointed a commission to investigate. Meantime, the company's two new tankers sat idle off the coast. In another move, Libya en-

forced an order requiring Occidental Petroleum and a joint venture of Texaco and Standard of California to reduce production by approximately one-third. The declared reason: they were depleting the country's reserves too rapidly.

► **Algeria**, which is against almost all Western countries except France, nationalized the operations of Phillips, Royal Dutch/Shell, West Germany's Elwerath and Italy's Ausonia because they refused to turn over 51% of their interests to the state-run oil company. Getty Oil has agreed to Algeria's terms, and Mobil is considering doing the same. El Paso Natural Gas was exempted, evidently because Washington has yet to rule on its application to supply one billion cubic feet of Algerian gas daily to the U.S. East Coast—at considerable profit to Algeria.

► **Syria** continued to refuse to let engineers repair the Trans-Arabian pipeline, which was accidentally broken seven weeks ago by a bulldozer. By denying entry to repair crews, the revolutionary Syrian government gains status among Arab extremists, while conservative Saudi Arabia, where the line originates, loses up to \$500,000 a day. The line's owner, Arabian-American Oil Co. (Aramco), is seeking to charter tankers to move the crude.

Over Whose Barrel? The governments can only push the companies so far. As one Beirut-based U.S. oil executive puts it: "The companies have the countries over a barrel—every barrel they produce. The name of the game is markets and marketing, and no country or group of countries today is rich enough to match what the companies have built up. If the Arab countries try, they simply cut their own throats, since they could never be competitive."

The U.S. itself does not sorely need

Arab oil, which accounts for about 3% of the total that the nation uses. But other countries are dependent on the Arabs. Europe gets more than half of its supplies from the Arab nations, and Japan 91%. Despite new oil strikes in Indonesia, Alaska and the North Sea, the Middle East still has two-thirds of the world's proven reserves.

There is a long-term threat to the West in increased Russian exploration and political gains in the Moslem countries, but the Soviet bloc obviously could not absorb all that oil. Europe's more immediate concern is the prospect that the Arabs and the oil companies might settle their differences by increasing their prices to European customers—and simply splitting the extra profit.

GIORGIO COCCHI FOR HAZARD NEWS



ANTI-FIAT DEMONSTRATORS IN TURIN
Lesson from the Red Guards.

ITALY

The Maoists Strike

Italy's giant manufacturer of little cars, Fiat, has always demonstrated an ability to adapt to prevailing political and economic philosophies. Fiat's progressive president, Gianni Agnelli, supported Italy's "opening to the left," which brought Socialists into government, and he maintains an open dialogue with trade unions, including those dominated by Communists. Last week he visited Russia for a first look at the \$800 million auto plant that his company is building for the Soviets. Yet back home in Turin, Fiat faces a labor crisis, fired in no small part by the activities of several hundred militant workers whom Italians have named "Maoists." By calling wildcat strikes, the Maoists have upset production to an extent far out of proportion to their numbers.

The young Maoists are mostly former farm workers from the south, em-

bittered by city life, frustrated by assembly-line routine, and easy prey for student provocateurs, whose rallying cry is "Worker power!" Standing far to the left of Italy's established Communist Party, the mavericks spurn alliances with traditional unions, and have as their avowed aim the toppling of capitalism. While they ardently admire the Peking government, their name comes not from an official link with Red China but from their rough tactics and revolutionary chants, which resemble those once used by Chairman Mao's Red Guards. The Maoist technique: coordinated production tie-ups at key points to bring an entire department to a standstill. One day will see a flash strike in a mechanical-equipment shop, the next, a two-hour stoppage on the assembly line.

Last month 25 Maoists, demanding benefits beyond the union contract, forced a layoff of 1,300 workers by striking a crucial point on the assembly line. The next day 150 Maoists struck to protest the layoffs, and 1,000 more employees were thrown out of work.

Invasion from Outside. The Maoists' guerrilla warfare could hardly have come at a worse time for Fiat. So far this year, work stoppages have cost the company more than 2.25 million man-hours. Of those, 1.5 million hours were lost in walkouts called by unions to protest the government, not Fiat, into improving housing and transportation and reducing taxes and inflation. Another 250,000 hours were wasted in unofficial strikes led by the Maoists. Result: Fiat has had to scale down this year's production target from 1.8 million vehicles to 1.55 million, and it has a backlog of 250,000 unfilled orders. The production slowdown has allowed foreign competition to establish a significant foothold for the first time in the old Fiat fief. Imports have risen to a record 25.7% of the Italian auto market for the first five months of this year, up from 10% for the same period in 1966.

The Maoists worry union leaders, who are generally more interested in getting a bigger share from capitalism than in tearing it down. Union organizations are relatively small, fragmented and short of money; any loss of membership to the Maoists could hurt badly. Thus the unions feel forced to take inflexible positions in order to prove that they are the Maoists' equals. As one Rome-based labor expert put it: "The old union leaders get up every morning and ask which way the mob is running, so they can lead it."

TRADE

Snag in Textiles

President Nixon suggested in his economic speech last week that a new commission will look into the nation's import policy, seeking to reduce U.S. prices by increasing supplies from abroad. Even as he spoke, the Government was getting ready to stiffen prices by cutting back one major category of imports: tex-

tiles. The U.S. has long been pushing and poking Japan and other Asian allies to reduce their textile shipments. Washington has insisted that there should be so-called voluntary quotas for all textiles; Japan has been equally adamant in offering to hold down exports of a selected list of them, and then only when the U.S. industry can prove injury. House Ways and Means Committee Chairman Wilbur Mills has been conducting hearings on a bill that would force a reduction of textile imports to 30% below last year's levels—unless a "voluntary" agreement is forthcoming.

The threat of mandatory quotas has apparently been effective, though at a considerable cost in terms of U.S. esteem among the Japanese. This week Japan's Minister of International Trade and Industry, Kiichi Miyazawa, and Foreign Minister Kiichi Aichi will fly into Washington with not one but two new proposals.

Miyazawa will offer a one-year freeze, at 1969 levels, on imports of 20 categories of textiles, including woolen suits and sweaters and synthetic dresses and blouses. After that, the two countries would try negotiating again, through the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. Miyazawa's plan is close to one proposed in March by PepsiCo President Donald Kendall, who headed a high-level delegation of U.S. businessmen in talks with Japanese industrialists and government officials. The Kendall plan was considered negotiable by diplomats of both governments, but was summarily rejected by both textile industries. Now the Japanese appear ready to impose it on their own industry, provided Washington can do the same.

Back-Up Position. The Japanese foreign ministry seems convinced that Miyazawa's offer will fail. If it does, Foreign Minister Aichi is ready to retreat to a back-up position that seems more acceptable to the U.S. It would provide for a three-year agreement restricting imports in a number of categories—possibly to 1969 levels, although that base year would be negotiable. This plan also could be rejected, since it does not offer the all-inclusive quotas that U.S. textile men demand. It is quite likely that unless the Japanese agree to sweeping "voluntary" reductions in their shipments, President Nixon will call for mandatory quotas to help out his friends in the South.

One way or another, the U.S. stands to win fairly broad quotas. But the Japanese public is up in arms over what many consider to be a crude and arrogant American stand. Japanese businessmen will be watching to see if their textile industry was right in warning that it was only the first to come under U.S. pressure for import quotas. They may not have to wait long. Next week top executives of the U.S. steel industry plan a one-day blitz of Congress to plead their case for more restrictions on imports of steel products.

BOOKS

Q. Can the U.S. Absorb 130 First Novelists a Year?

A. No.

People have quixotic ways of seeking out the hard things in life—climbing Mount McKinley; pointing tiny boats through the high seas; getting married; commuting. Some special souls in search of a really refined form of self-punishment even begin to write. Each year only about 130 of them endure to achieve contracts from hardback publishing companies and so acquire the dubious title of "first novelists." And that is often only the beginning of their troubles.

This year, as usual, a handful of first novels arrived with the built-in interest

DAVID GARR



TOM McHALE

put it." Some books are sent to reviewers without even the vital publication-date information or a glossy photograph of the author, which definitely increases the chance of a review in smaller papers. Jacket copy can be retentious. The blurbs from other writers are often elliptical and overblown ("Not since Dostoevsky . . ."), demolishing what credibility they might normally possess. The authors' capsule biographies still tend to suggest that to become a novelist, a boy should first try life as a carpenter, cook, salesman and merchant seaman. Advertising budgets range from minuscule to nonexistent. Many publishers, in fact, will not advertise a first novel at all unless sales justify it on a percentage basis—a neat way to ensure

RILEY



JOANNA OSTROW

Madness for management consultants.

there will be no sales to base percentages on.

These perennial problems are not the result of a conspiracy to suppress talent but of commercial realities. Statistically, there can be few less promising enterprises than a serious new first novel. By dint of great care and devotion—especially to getting convincing jacket blurbs from established writers—some publishers do make a little money on serious first novels. But even when properly handled, the average sale of a remarkably skillful book is not likely to run over 6,000 hardback copies. The best guess at an average is 3,500, with more than half of that sale coming from public libraries around the country.

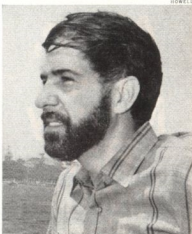
A product time-and-motion study on the first novel from inception to marketing would drive any management consultant mad. The book spends, say, three years festering in the author's brain and typewriter. Often two years are required for going the rounds of agents and publishers (who hold a manuscript at least three months before rejecting it). Once the book is accepted, another year may be needed for ed-

iting, printing and distribution. When the product finally surfaces, it may hold a place in the crucial "shelf-time" period for only two or three days. Large bookstores are so heavily stocked that some well-reviewed first novels never get to the bookshelves at all.

Publishers, who periodically convene to contemplate the plight of the first novel with a melancholy akin to that so often displayed in the theater world over the perennial decline of Broadway, have considered various cures. Among them: better bookstores; special sales packages of three or four first novels together; a first-novel book club; mail-order contact with some constituency of youthful readers who are thought to care enough about serious, unheralded fiction to buy it.

Meanwhile, first novelists go on working, a continuing proof of the no doubt

HOWELL



VICTOR PERERA

that accompanies works by writers well established in other genres: Playwright William Inge's *Good Luck*, *Miss Wyck-off*, the late John Gunther's *Indian Sign*, poet James Dickey's *Deliverance* (TIME, April 20). A few more deal with a subject successfully chosen to titillate advance publicity. Felice Gordon, for instance, in *The Pleasure Principle* looks into the bed and bored accommodations of a beautiful and renowned American widow now wed to a Greek shipping magnate. Attractive Lois Gould, widow of a New York newspaperman, has created that city's most piquant putative roman à clef in years by writing her first novel about the wife of a New York art director who discovers that most of her girl friends loved her dying husband both too wisely and too well.

What happens to the rest of the crop has stirred David Segal, a New York editor who spends much of his time on first novelists, to suggest that publishers should invent a new word. "In the case of first novels," Segal says, "what happens shouldn't be called publishing. 'Privishing' would be a better way to

mad, but nevertheless encouraging notion that money isn't everything. Below is a look at some recent first novels. Their authors may or may not make a bestseller list, but they should be read.

PRINCIPATO by Tom McHale. 311 pages. Viking. \$6.95.

Not since Tennessee Williams' necked Flynns from Memphis has there been such a terrible family of Irish-Americans as the Corrigan of Philadelphia—"a wealthy tribe of shanty Irish, they'd take the sweat from the poor dead Jesus." Principato, the beleaguered hero of this hilarious novel, finds out about the Corrigan the hard way by marrying Cynthia, the barge-footed only daughter of the clan. Battering off a string of funeral homes and ghetto bars, his in-laws scheme constantly within a parochial Jansenist world of indulgences and spiritual bouquets. For them, a family's social status is measured by the number of priests and nuns it has produced.

The offspring of Principato's union with Cynthia have "sallow skins and strange russet-colored hair" and answer



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to the jig-prompting names of Terrance, Sean, Noreen, Aloysius and Kathleen. To their Italian father's dismay, they avoid the sun like moles, playing sourly in the shade or roaming dark hallways. Principato blunders through eleven years among this dreadful crew until his father, dying of cancer, announces that he will not mend his 35-year rift with Holy Mother Church and, far more shocking, intends to be cremated. The scandalized Corrigan mount a frenzied campaign to scoop old Principato into a sanctified casket—but only manage to ruin his son's life.

Author McHale, 28, can tell off urban Catholics, from the bishops down to the Holy Name members, with the familiarity of a devout housewife telling off her rosary beads. A recent graduate (Temple, class of '63) who teaches writing at Monmouth College, N.J., he already has a formidable mastery of technique, as well as a deeper insight into the clash between time and eternity.

... IN THE HIGHLANDS SINCE TIME IMMEMORIAL by Joanna Ostrow, 306 pages. Knopf, \$5.95.

Joanna Ostrow is one of those writers who seem to have been born with every insight, every comma in place. Her book lies far beyond such usual first-novel adjectives as "promising." A classically perfect little story, it polarizes an encounter between the frantic present and an almost still-life past.

Simon, son of a Belfast prostitute and a black, is the child of modern chaos personified. After a number of false starts, he enters college in Edinburgh where he learns that his foster father is in the hospital and his foster mother has been left alone on their Highlands farm, the croft, where he was brought up. Packing up his wife and two small children, Simon returns to his heritage-by-adoption.

It is a cold, bleak, yet harshly absorbing little universe, with absolutely no future. The croft is an anachronism, like the Gaelic that Simon's foster parents still speak occasionally—"a whole language and no world left to make sense of it." Overhead R.A.F. jets streak the sky. On the pantry shelf, instant oatmeal has scandalously appeared. And the once stout cottage, Simon discovers, is being eaten by woodworms. Eden is crumbling into something like a badly maintained folklore museum.

But was it ever Eden, really? Miss Ostrow explores the fine distinction between a search for roots and a return to the womb. Her range of style matches her breadth of feeling. She can move from a tweeds-and-walking-shoes piece while writing about a hare-and-hound hunt to a kind of mod Jane Austen.

Miss Ostrow, 32, is a native New Yorker who lived in Scotland in the early 1960s and now has settled, with her husband and two small daughters, on a farm in Canada. Obviously she is miles beyond the romantic simplicities of Celtic revivalism. She is in the presence of

death, and she knows it. Her achievement is to show that when tradition dies, it can affect the swinging young even more than the hidebound old.

THE CONVERSION by Victor Perera, 307 pages. Little, Brown, \$5.95.

No country is wholly safe from an invasion by that familiar character of American-Jewish fiction, the academic rabbi *manqué* who is Talmudically attempting to work out an identity crisis. In *The Conversion*, Professor Victor Perera, a lecturer at Vassar, sends a modern Jew, whose Sephardic ancestors were expelled by the Inquisition in 1492, back to Spain for the treatment. Protagonist Stanley Bendana is ostensibly on a graduate grant to write his M.A. thesis (its title: *Byzantine Conventions in Cervantes and Their Influence on 17th Century English Pastoral Poetry*). Actually, Bendana is off on a jaunty windmill whirl of role playing. With Sancho Panza-like fidelity, he performs as the hypocrite Jew to a cracked canon's private inquisition, acts as a male Galatea to the less-than-female girl of his seminar

ROBERT ISAACS



AL YOUNG

DAVID SAHS



HOWARD ROSE

Three months to say no.

dreams, tries out as incestuous brother to a brothel sister, and winds up as surrogate son to an Auschwitz graduate. That last role bestows upon him a final benediction, the sovereign sense of self.

Much is genuinely funny in Perera's saga of a guilt-ridden innocent abroad. Bendana has a mad, inappropriate sister, who feels "like a fish in Coca-Cola" instead of a fish out of water. He finds himself standing on the road before a brothel "tallying figures in his head, wondering uneasily if they would take a traveler's check." There are lapses, of course. Perera slumps toward collegiate humor or into yuks too obviously derived from the new school of American-Jewish humor. His story line suffers the common affliction of the picaresque novel, misdirectional sag. But Perera always shows a lively talent and, if not yet a full-blown Bellow, his is a most promising puff.

SNAKES by Al Young, 149 pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$4.95.

Any first novel that is about growing up, being a ghetto black and setting out on a career in the rock-blues world would seem to be artistically disadvantaged from the start. *Snakes*, without

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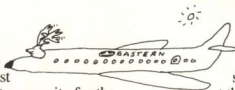
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Playing for shelf-time.

being at all spectacular, manages to steer clear of bathos, canned rage and the peculiar, subliminal blurriness that so often afflicts stories about musicians. At Young's hero is MC Moore, a guitarist and songwriter for a teen-age group called the Masters of Ceremony. The Masters are one of countless Detroit combos manned by young blacks, hungrily looking for gigs and chances to record. In his peak year MC writes 75 songs. One of them, *Snakes*, becomes a modest local hit, earning the Masters a few hundred dollars as well as some small sense of accomplishment. One by one, though, MC's friends lose sight of their musical dream, and in the end he goes alone to New York to try to crack the big time. The book is at its factual best when it peers into the frenetic world of amateur hours and musical competitions, and follows the trials of children trying to make tapes and master the techniques of professional recording.

Young, who grew up in Detroit writing blues songs, treats MC and his friends with a kind of reverence. At 31, he plainly agrees with Celebrated Jazzman Jo Jones, whom he quotes: "Music is not only a God-given talent; it is a God-given privilege to play music."

TWELVE RAVENS by Howard Rose, 405 pages, Macmillan, \$6.95.

Among first novelists, Howard Rose, even at 48, is the rookie whose natural talent may be exceeded only by his brashness. An art dealer in New York, Rose comes on like a man forging a masterpiece on a dare.

He has written a tale of witchcraft, then set it in the least likely locale in the world for witches' sabbaths: a Midwestern suburb. *Twelve Ravens* is that most difficult of storytellers' tricks, on-again, off-again realism. Night falls, and the mamas and papas of the bored middle class race to the town's hill like nude nymphs and satyrs to worship their resident Mephistopheles, Gypsy, the neighborhood handyman.

Rosemary's Baby Comes to *Main Street*? Not quite. There is plenty of mumbo jumbo and even a climactic cannibal dinner. But Author Rose is playing for more than easy goose bumps and the thrills of chic Satanism. One

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The way people used to live has been recaptured
at 100 EAST on Bellevue.

A building unlike any you've ever seen.



In the days of Chicago's Gold Coast, homes were built with individual magnificence. Careful attention was given to details. Rooms were delightfully large. Ceilings were high. Dining rooms were a must. An entrance foyer a necessity. We've built it all into your mansion in the sky. Foyers and dining rooms in each apartment. Two, three and four bedroom apartments that go on, and on, and on in appointments and amenities.

Bellevue. One of the great streets of the Gold Coast days. It hasn't changed much. Mostly quiet brownstones and lovely trees. 100 EAST on Bellevue just off Lake Shore Drive. Thirty-two floors limited to just 174 tenants.



Tasteful little touches are everywhere in your new home at 100 EAST on Bellevue. Like a king-sized bathtub, man-sized shower stall, high ceilings, a swimming pool on the roof, and a separate party room complete with bar and kitchen facilities for entertaining. Nice.

Your new life at 100 EAST on Bellevue starts at \$490 per month for a two bedroom apartment. Oh, did we tell you about the year-round pollution-free air-filtration system, central air conditioning, the large kitchens with furniture-finish cabinetry, dishwasher and disposal? And did we mention the unique sound proofing in each apartment and the 24 hour security system? Oh well. There's too much to tell. You'll just have to see it all for yourself. The gracious living of the Gold Coast days, with all the best of the new.



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That perennially fabulous dinner companion, that warm friend who compliments every food... every delicacy, is now identified with a name that is certified and controlled.

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Yes, it's a mouthful... but say it anyway:

Denominazione di Origine Controllata.
Backed by governmental decree, all the fine wines of Italy, from the high north to the sunny south are certified as to type and region of origin.

So, take an Italian to dinner tonight.
Now, that they are controlled, you might even take one home to Mother...

TAKE A (controlled) ITALIAN TO DINNER TONIGHT

Denominazione on the label, means a finer wine on your table.



A free booklet tells you all about it. Write: The Wines of Italy, Suite 1870, 1900 Avenue of the Stars, Los Angeles, California 90067.

of the hill-bound families has a son named Alan, and the novel comes to revolve around Gypsy's struggle for Alan's soul.

Rose is in earnest about his good and evil. Taking Alan as his instance, he persuades the reader to see demonology as a metaphor of adolescence. At the turning of the teens, Rose suggests, a child is taken over by conflicting identities—opposing demons fighting for dominance. Furthermore, Rose hints, pointing at the papas and mamas, the middle-aged American, too, is still waiting for a demon to put a blaze in his heart and a fever in his imagination and lead him through some mind-blowing rites of passage.

In his bad moments, Rose falls under his own spells. He can be seduced by the imps of cute ambiguity. The relationship between Alan and Gypsy, which is central to the book, is impenetrably complex. Yet Rose produces dialogue like a witty tape recorder and invents caricatures just as effortlessly: a marvelously dirty-minded Jewish grandmother; a gentle, handsome racketeer who wants only to be liked. At his best Rose writes with sonorous richness that manages to suggest a blend of Nabokov and Edwin Arlington Robinson. One can hope that wit, style and moral imagination will save him from the truant temptations of fluency.

JEREMIAH: 8:20 by Carol Hill. 371 pages. Random House. \$6.95.

Getting into this book is about as easy as getting into the Oval Office of the White House. It has no footnotes, but that is about the only literary barrier it lacks. The plot proceeds with the authority of a three-year-old dressing himself. Its sentences often run to 30 lines with no time off for good behavior. It is studded with minor typographical sports: parentheses without partners and passages that are coyly printed like this.

Most of it, moreover, is seen through the eyes of a near idiot named Jeremiah Francis Scanlon.

Yet for all its faults, the complex story is original in a particularly disquieting way—in part because Jeremiah is haunted by the notion that there is a specific secret to life known to at least some of his fellow New Yorkers. To discover it, he uses a tape recorder to eavesdrop on likely conversations. When someone remarks that Negroes have "Soul," he decides that the elusive secret must lie among the blacks. So he starts taking his tape recorder to Harlem and eventually meets disaster there.

The author, 30, who began the novel while working for a New York publisher, is at her best in the thick of crowd situations that many more experienced writers avoid—or simply flub. Riots, nightclub scenes, eight-way conversations around a boardinghouse dinner table bring out her gift for orchestrating many elements without los-

ing the tone or clarity of individual voices. *Jeremiah* would be a better book if the characters were onstage more and less time were lavished on clumsy internal monologues. But the author's reach—and grasp—are courageous and commendable.

LUMINOUS NIGHT by George Lewis. 263 pages. Dial. \$5.95.

"He had learned to live almost lovingly with him while he was at work and to support the crass oversimplification of him when he was at home." The lady in question is Louise, the remote, forbearing, scrupulous, intensely abstracted wife of a muscular and confused small-town druggist. Louise is the major creation of a curious book that should be absolutely dreadful. Instead, it slowly begins to haunt the reader's consciousness like the remembered sounds and smells, the petty cruelties and private joys of some unforgettable, bizarre childhood.

George Lewis' characters include a hallucinating young Jewish student named Luvvinkel, a satanic but very funny Lebanese professor of English, and a grandmother who coaches Little League baseball. There is almost no plot. Instead, as an experiment in contrapuntal fiction, the author tries to lace his scenes of domestic disarray with excerpts from the professor's surreal film script about programmed inhumanity in a Graustarkian Europe. No matter. For at 29, Author Lewis, a Texan who now teaches English in California, already possesses rare skill and rarer wisdom. He can create characters, viewing them un sentimentally but with great affection. He can turn them loose to survive in those clumsy social groupings—known as families—that seem designed for punishment but are also capable of achieving a certain rumbled blessedness.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Love Story, Segal (1 last week)
2. The French Lieutenant's Woman, Fowles (2)
3. Deliverance, Dickey (4)
4. Losing Battles, Welty (5)
5. Great Lion of God, Caldwell (3)
6. Calico Palace, Bristow (8)
7. The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight, Breslin
8. Travels with My Aunt, Greene (6)
9. Mr. Sammler's Planet, Bellow
10. A Beggar in Jerusalem, Wiesel (10)

NONFICTION

1. Up the Organization, Townsend (1)
2. Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex, Reuben (2)
3. The Sensuous Woman, "J" (3)
4. Mary Queen of Scots, Fraser (6)
5. The New English Bible (4)
6. Hard Times, Terkel (7)
7. Human Sexual Inadequacy, Masters and Johnson (5)
8. Points of Rebellion, Douglas (10)
9. I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings, Angelou (9)
10. Love and Will, May

MAGAZINES IN ACTION



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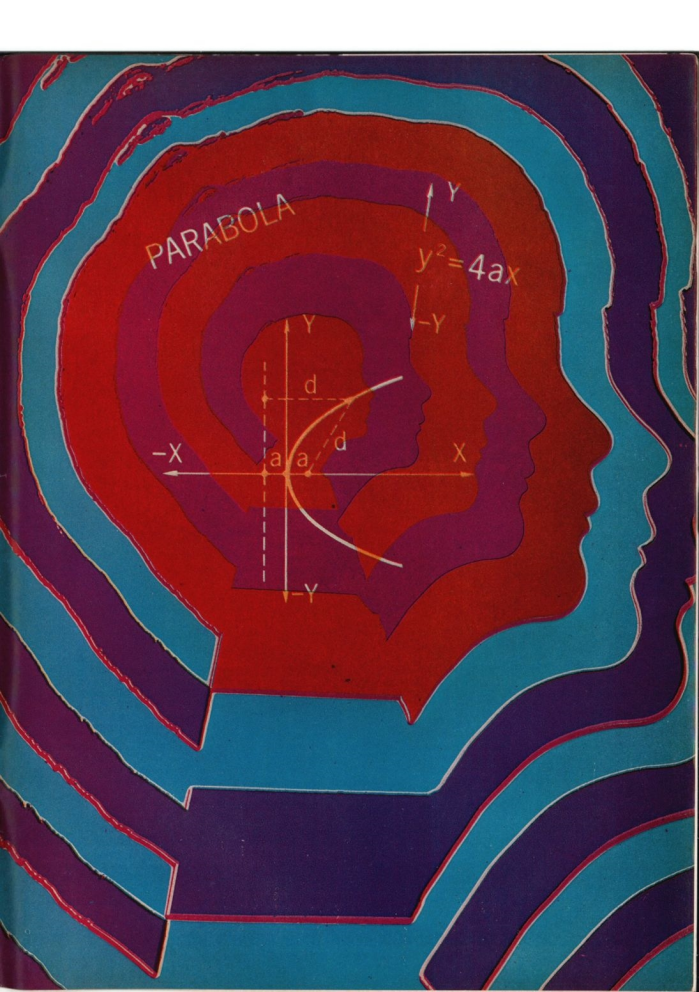
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Come to the Three Festivals at the River.

JUNE 22 THROUGH JULY 10

It's summer. A time to enjoy. And for three weeks each weekday during the noon hour, the enjoyment is at National Boulevard Bank. Three week-long festivals are planned for you, each one different, each one exciting. So stroll along Michigan Avenue to the River and spend a few moments at the Wrigley Building. The Three Festivals at the River. Come and enjoy.

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JUNE 22 - JUNE 26

Catch a glimpse of your favorite foreign vacationland at the Festival of Nations. This week many of Chicago's consulates will have Hospitality Booths at National Boulevard Bank. Pick up colorful brochures and have questions answered by the Consular Corps in the booths. Now is an ideal time to start planning your next vacation adventure and an ideal time to start saving for it, too. So stop in the Savings Center and open or add to any type of savings account with \$250 or more. You'll receive a free passport wallet.

Festival of Freedom,

JUNE 29 - JULY 3

Festival of Freedom celebrates the birth of a nation—ours. And what better way to celebrate than a good, old-fashioned band concert. Each day at noon, listen to toe-tapping favorites and Sousa marches. And get a free lapel pin of Old Glory, too. There's an extra incentive if you open or add to a savings account with \$250 or more during the Festival of Freedom. You'll get a full-sized American flag—complete with mounting bracket and pole—absolutely free.

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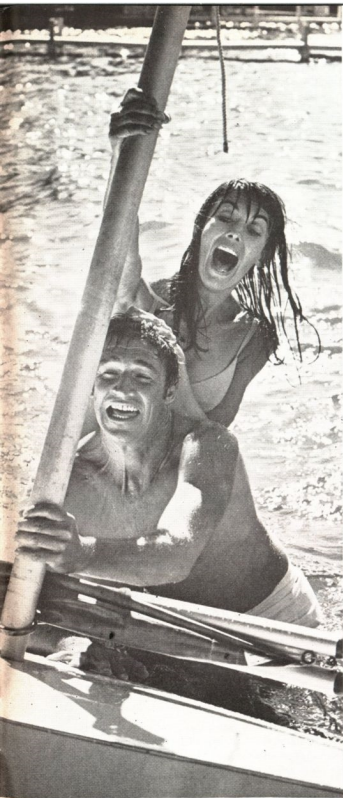
JULY 6 - JULY 10

Michigan Avenue—the grandest Avenue in the world—becomes even grander during the Festival of the Arts. Talented artists in Chicago will display their works for your enjoyment. So spend some leisure moments looking at these artists' work and if something strikes your fancy, buy it. Or start saving for it by opening a savings account in the Savings Center. In addition to the many plans offered, during the Festival of the Arts you'll receive a beautiful lithographed print of a historic Chicago landmark by opening or adding to a savings account with \$250 or more.

Saving is beautiful.

Now, perhaps more than ever before, is the time to save. You know many of the traditional advantages, but here's something you may not have thought of. Saving money helps fight inflation. When you save, you hold the line against rising costs. Won't you seriously consider opening a savings account now? Come to the Three Festivals at the River and enjoy. And come to National Boulevard Bank and save.

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CINEMA

ESpeculiarities

Composers and lyricists are constantly asked: What came first, the words or the music? In the film version of *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever*, what came first was Barbra Streisand. Every other member of the cast is pallid or imitative; the color is in seven flavors of Jell-O, and the score is eight songs, audience nothing.

Barbra plays Daisy Gamble, a latter-day Bridgette Murphy whose soul shuttles from 18th century England to contemporary New York. Arnold Scasasi designed her knockout New York wardrobe; Cecil B. DeMille did her up for the London sequences. What more could a

can't do a thing with it, she is Jerry Lewis in drag. During the songs, she slips comfortably into recording-studio Streisand, belting and purring Burton Lane's monotonies as if they were melodies. *Funny Girl*, her first and best film, seemed written for Barbra. In *Hello Dolly* she played a part created for a woman 25 years older. In *A Clear Day* she essays a role that was sought for Barbara Harris. Streisand ought to get back to playing Streisand. It is clear by now that she cannot be anyone else.

Grandmothers Are People Too

Youth constitutes 56% of the movie audiences. But what about the other 44%? Isn't their money just as good as the kids'? Better, declare the makers of *A Walk in the Spring Rain*. And so they have produced a menopausal melodrama reminiscent of an old *Ladies' Home Journal* serial. All that is missing are three staples and a recipe for lemon chiffon pie.

Libby Meredith (Ingrid Bergman) is bored. Her professorial husband Roger (Fritz Weaver) is a pedant who sprinkles even casual conversation with chalk dust. On Roger's sabbatical, the Merediths flee New York for a Tennessee farm. But while Roger is examining constitutional law, Libby sets to work fracturing some commandments. For lurking in the barn is the local satyr, Will Cade (Anthony Quinn). "I'm a grandmother," protests Libby at first. "There's a lot of woman left in ya," grunts Will.

As students of pulp are aware, when a wife steps out of line, clouds form, hearts crack and marriages eventually heal. Old Will is left in Tennessee muttering, "I'll wait for ya; I ain't never going to die." Indeed he won't. Fifty years from now he will still be surfacing as temptation in overalls, a persistent figure in women's fiction from D.H. Lawrence to Jacqueline Susann.

What does it matter if Anthony Quinn's ersatz Tennessee accent makes him seem the subject of the Scopes trial? Who cares if Ingrid Bergman's good Swedish bones and wholly preserved beauty are squandered? Grandmothers are people too. And Alexander Portnoy isn't the only one with fantasies.

Immoral Morality Play

Although it sounds like the name of a new and slightly pompous magazine, *Events* is in fact a sermon: the wages of sexual indulgence are boredom, anxiety and spiritual sterility.

Two young film makers (Ryan Listman and Frank Cavestani), seeking money to make a movie about Lenny Bruce, agree to make a quickie pornographic movie for \$10,000. They hurl themselves into the project with such enthusiasm that one of their girl friends (Joy Wener) becomes unnerved. After an orgasmic night of filming in a loft decorated with silks and exotic lighting

effects, Ryan has a bitter fight with Joy. She accuses him of enjoying the pornography; he claims that she "puts him uptight." He finally walks out, and she is left to weep alone.

Fred Baker's direction is determinedly uninspired, and his actors—with the exception of the alluring Miss Wener—are lackadaisical. What gives *Events* some small distinction is its sense that young people can be destroyed by the very freedom they cherish and often exploit.

Pineapple Pap

Hollywood has never had much luck with pineapples, and neither has Charlton Heston. He planted his first crop in *Diamond Head*, but all that came up was a lot of white imperialism. Heston missed the pulpy movie extract of James Michener's novel *Hawaii*, but he is back



STREISAND IN "CLEAR DAY"

Mad—do you hear?—mad, mad, mad!

girl want, except maybe a movie? Instead, she has Scenarist-Lyricist Alan Jay Lerner's drab romance of Daisy and Doctor Marc Chabot (Yves Montand). The girl's ESPECIARITIES drive Chabot mad—do you hear?—mad, mad, mad! But ultimately he learns that scientists must leave the infinite alone, and Daisy goes back to her sitar-playing lover Tad Pringle (Jack Nicholson).

The male principals perform in one consistent style: sheepish. Montand croons his numbers with the air of a man who wishes that he, too, were back in some earlier incarnation. Nicholson's part is at once minuscule and a giant trip backward from *Easy Rider*.

Director Vincente Minelli once set trends in Hollywood musicals (*The Band Wagon*, *An American in Paris*). For *On a Clear Day*, he puts his star through all that is *passé*. As an Englishwoman falling on her London derrière, Barbra is camp Joan Greenwood. As the clumsy American who washed her brain and



HESTON IN "THE HAWAIIANS"
Island on the Dole.

to brandish his riding crop in the infelicitous sequel, *The Hawaiians*.

The film picks up where *Hawaii* left off: Whip Hoxworth (this time played by Heston) returns home to find that his dead grandfather has willed him 85,000 measly acres of Hawaiian soil. Hoxworth promptly heads for French Guiana to steal some pineapples to plant. A lovely Chinese girl (Tina Chen) helps the fruit to flourish, and Hoxworth soon has most of the island on the Dole.

The plot is laced with the usual colonial tensions and pretensions: Hoxworth feuds with a polyglot of races while his pineapple princess (Geraldine Chaplin) goes quietly mad. Every time the pace slackens, which is often, someone goes to sea, either to pick up field hands or to transport lepers to Molokai. The incessant ebb and flow is intended as a metaphor for the turbulent tides of Hawaiian life. But the real metaphor here is the pineapple, which in the good old gangster days was a synonym for bomb.

Another Poor Report Card...

But it really isn't a surprise. Because it looks like all the other report cards your boy has been bringing home for so very long. Sure, he promised to do better this semester. But that's something you've heard before. And if you talk to his teachers again, they'll say some other things that sound familiar. Like "He's a bright boy, but he's lazy. He just isn't motivated."

The professional staff at Educational Resources disagree. We think most underachievers are highly motivated—motivated to fail! Failure is so important to the underachiever that he will organize his life around it. The failure provides him with a real rationale for not having to grow

up. After all, if he can stay in school long enough, he may never have to decide what he wants to do with his life.

Fortunately, there is something concerned parents can now do to help their underachievers get out of the bind they are in. They can contact Educational Resources. If both parents would like to talk to us, they can call 312/973-2115 to set up a consultation interview with any one of the Educational Resources professional staff.

At that time we'll tell you whether we think we might be able to help your son or daughter. And if we can't help, we'll suggest someone who can.

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Order three martinis from the bartender. But make sure your friend doesn't see any of the labels.

Mark one martini "C" for Calvert. One "B" for his brand (that high-hatted British stuff). And one "A" for the kind that tries

so hard to be terr-ibly Brrr-itish.

Let him taste any one. In any order.

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